

LIFE

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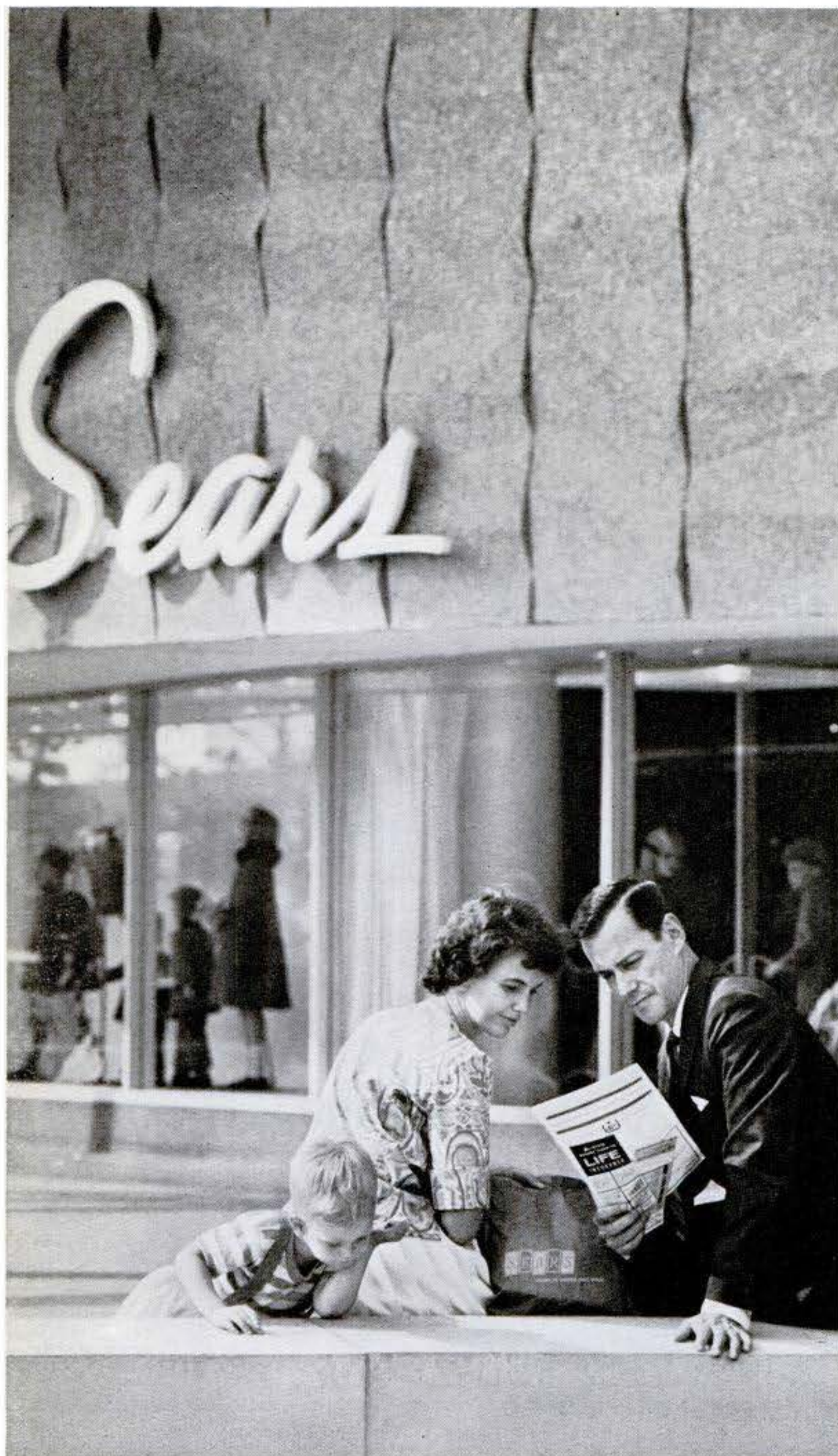
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July 26, 1963
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EDITORS' NOTE

'A Couple of Bucks Anytime You Want'

The first time we covered a performance given by the Lunts was in 1937—a Greek comedy called *Amphitryon 38*. Since then Alfred Lunt and his wife Lynn Fontanne have appeared in LIFE 33 times.

Working with the Lunts has been a delight. Though they can be fussy and demanding, we found no one else in the theater more genuinely gracious and warm. Lynn demands that photographs do her justice. She has a fine complexion and has guarded her beauty well, so naturally she wants every picture to be just so. But both of the Lunts are unusually polite and patient with photographers. In a comedy called *The Pirate*, Lunt had to appear to walk a tightrope. It was a difficult stage stunt and difficult to photograph. But Lunt did it over and over until we were satisfied. When LIFE covered *The Visit*, in which the couple last appeared on Broadway in 1958, our photographer, Yale Joel, used a new wide-angle camera that was operated by a 30-foot rubber tube attached to a bicycle pump. Lunt was fascinated and held up the shooting until he could take a picture with it himself. When our theater editor, Tom Prideaux, found he forgot to take lunch money to Boston for an interview in 1949, the Lunts loaned him \$5. After the story appeared, they wired Prideaux: "We are thrilled by the pages and pages in LIFE. You can have a couple of bucks from us any time you want."



THE LUNTS

This month when Reporter Jane Scholl and Photographer Arthur Shay drove from Chicago to Genesee, Wis. to work on the story in this issue, the Lunt hospitality took over immediately. Lynn cooked a ham-and-veal pie for lunch, and her husband—a formidable cook himself—gave Jane recipes for jellied eggs, borscht, piroshki, spitted duck, cold shrimp-and-cucumber soup and currant jelly. "When Art and I left," said Jane, "we were laden with geranium and zinnia plants, sweet basil from Mr. Lunt's greenhouse, fresh dill, armloads of spinach, mint, chives and a dozen fresh-laid eggs."

On a second visit, Jane arrived alone after dinner on a sweltering Thursday—cook's night out. "We've been in the pool all day trying to keep cool," said Lunt. "We even sprayed each other with the garden hose." When they found out that Jane had missed dinner, they both went into the kitchen, fixed her a tray of cold cuts, cheese, vegetable salad and homemade bread and watched her eat every crumb. Then Lynn, who had been sewing on a dress during LIFE's first visit, put it on and modeled it for Jane.

George P. Hunt

GEORGE P. HUNT
Managing Editor

Time To Hear from Goldwater

A year ahead of convention time Governor Rockefeller has opened a critical battle inside the Republican party. In his most forceful statement in months, Rockefeller attacked "the Birchers and others of the radical right lunatic fringe" for trying to subvert Republican principles and hijack the party. Since the radical right is contributing some of the steam—and money—to Senator Goldwater's unannounced candidacy for the 1964 Republican nomination, Rockefeller's blast had the effect of joining the governor in battle with Goldwater.

It is clear, Rockefeller said, that "vociferous and well-drilled extremist elements boring within the party" utterly reject fundamental Republican principles like the preservation of freedom and equality of opportunity. "They are, in fact, embarked on a determined and ruthless effort to take over the party, its platform and its candidates on their own terms." Those terms, he declared, are "wholly alien" to sound conservatism, sound liberalism and to "the broad middle course that accommodates the main stream of Republican principle."

Rockefeller was especially disturbed by the success of extremists in turning the Young Republican convention in San Francisco into a virtual Goldwater-for-President rally. He charged that they operated "through the tactics of ruthless, roughshod intimidation. These are the tactics of totalitarianism."

On grounds of practical politics as well as principle, Rockefeller

attacked the theory that a conservative Republican (presumably Goldwater) can win the next election by writing off northern industrial states and concentrating on the farm states, mountain states and the South—especially the South. A party with such a strategy, he argues, "disclaims responsibility for most of the population before it even starts its campaign for its support." He also said, "The transparent purpose behind this plan is to erect political power on the outlawed and immoral base of segregation. . . . A program based on racism or sectionalism would in and of itself not only defeat the Republican party in 1964 but would destroy it altogether."

Rockefeller was careful to avoid a break with the whole conservative wing of the G.O.P. He included Taft (along with Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt) in his Republican pantheon. He agreed, as the G.O.P. conservatives have so long argued, that the voters should be given "a choice," not just a me-too candidate indistinguishable from the Democrats. But he said that the "purveyors of hate and distrust" are not true conservatives at all, and although his statement did not mention Goldwater by name, he later made it clear he feared such elements could make Goldwater their "captive."

Goldwater immediately disowned any formula to win the presidency by writing off Negro votes. "I never had any theory of this kind," he said. "I am not for giving up anybody's vote." We welcome this statement and hope the senator, with his usual forthrightness, will make his position on civil rights completely clear. In recent months he has become somewhat more open-minded about federal legislation in this field (many Americans have), but there are still diehard racists who *think* Goldwater is on their side.

Beyond this, Goldwater now has a chance to perform a historic service for his party and his country. By denouncing the crackpots of the far-out right as strongly as Rockefeller has, he could at a stroke relegate them to the obscurity they deserve. They are important only when they succeed in attaching themselves to an attractive and responsible figure. The senator would also do himself a big favor by telling these fringe "supporters" to go and get lost.

Time for Diem To Mend Ways

This month the 10th anniversary of the Korean War cease-fire finds the U.S. again engaged in a grim military effort to thwart a Communist take-over in Asia. Into South Vietnam, a country whose independence is guaranteed by the Geneva accords of 1954, we have put more than 12,000 American soldiers to train and guide Ngo Dinh Diem's army in resisting Communist infiltration from the north. U.S. military and economic aid to Vietnam is costing \$400 million a year, and U.S. participation in military actions against the Peking-backed Viet Cong has resulted in the loss of more than 80 American lives.

It is a hard war for the U.S. public to follow, a vicious jungle war (LIFE, Jan. 25) of scattered little actions. Even the experts in the field disagree on how well our side is doing. U.S. Ambassador Nolting recently told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee flatly, "We are winning." Western journalists in Vietnam are less optimistic, and some of them argue we will never win as long as we support the regime of President Diem.

There is indeed a lot wrong with Diem's government. A tragic example of Vietnamese discontent was recently supplied by the unforgettable photograph (LIFE, June 21) of a Buddhist priest

burning himself alive to protest Diem's arrogant attitude toward the Buddhists, who constitute 70% of South Vietnam's 15 million people. With appalling obstinacy Diem, a Catholic, has banned Buddhist religious flags and army chaplains, and despite U.S. efforts at reconciliation his policy gets harsher. Last week Diem's police broke up a demonstration in Saigon with clubs, sealed off a half dozen pagodas and threw 80 Buddhists in jail.

There are other grievances against Diem, and they all rub off on the U.S. Because of graft and bungling, a disproportionate amount of U.S. aid tends to stay in or near Saigon, and the peasants do not get what they need in the form of medical supplies, food, tools and equipment. Diem governs on a "mandate of heaven" (his expression) and tolerates no political opposition. Diem's brother and sister-in-law (the government is full of his relatives) strike back at criticism by peddling an anti-U.S. line through a sycophantic English-language weekly in Saigon.

Diem, with all his faults, is still head of Vietnam's legal government and a resolute anti-Communist. He has done some good things, and for a time he appeared to have unified his country. But the argument that he is the only possible leader has been used too much to excuse shortcomings of his regime.

This is not the place for armchair strategists and tablecloth admirals to devise neat solutions from afar. Henry Cabot Lodge is going to Saigon soon as the new U.S. ambassador. Lodge is a splendid choice; he has both the toughness and statesmanship the U.S. needs in this turbulent situation. We hope Diem will listen to Lodge. The U.S. is still committed to win in Vietnam—and it should be. If Diem doesn't change his ways, the U.S. may have to consider supporting another government which can command popular respect and effectively prosecute the war.



Restoration at New Salem, Illinois, photographed by Raymond Jacobs

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Texas Towers Await the Wreckers

Farewell to the

Iron Bastards

by EVAN McLEOD WYLIE

From a distance, Texas Tower No. Two is still an impressive sight, thrusting up out of the green Atlantic 130 miles east of Cape Cod, as high as a nine-story building, its wedge-shaped deck (as big as a baseball infield) balancing on three steel legs. But as the helicopter circles closer, she appears forlorn, almost derelict—salt-stained, rust-flaked, shorn of her distinctive pink-and-white radar domes. An Air Force sergeant looks down and shouts above the racket of the engines, "They've got her stripped down till she looks like an old sardine can."

Ever since the seas off New England moderated this spring, the Air Force has been busily removing as much equipment as it can from their last two Texas towers, which have long since ceased to perform any operational function. Soon a civilian salvage firm will start to cut them apart with torches for whatever the scrap steel in them will bring. Eventually they will be gone from the sea entirely. No one will weep. The isolated crews of airmen who were assigned to duty aboard the sea-battered, gale-swept platforms called them, with feeling, "the Iron Bastards."

The towers were conceived in the early 1950s when the cities of the eastern seaboard seemed painfully vulnerable to sneak attack by nuclear bombers coming in over the Atlantic. Some way had to be found of pushing the Air Force's long-range radar screen farther out to sea. It was decided to adapt on a mammoth scale the technique then being used in drilling for oil off the Texas coast: construction of a platform high over the water, supported on three, long steel legs. No one had ever tried to build such a structure on such a scale or so far out in the stormy Atlantic, but five of the towers were planned. They would form an interlocking, early-warning perimeter stretching from Nova Scotia to New Jersey. Only three were ultimately built—Nos. Two, Three and Four—but, for sheer inventiveness, they deserve a place beside the Trojan Horse in any history of military machinery. Each of the iron islands was a miniature military base complete within itself, garrisoned by between 85 to 100 officers and men. The three towers were completed between 1955 and 1957 and, for almost half a dozen years, until the development of 15,000-mile-per-hour missiles reduced to mere seconds the extra amount of warning they could give, the towers faithfully scanned the Atlantic skies.

Just why the Air Force allowed it-

self to become entangled in such an outlandish salt-water operation has never been fully explained. But its people labored manfully to make the best of a bad bargain. Farm youths who had enlisted with visions of the wild blue yonder found themselves working as stevedores, wrestling cargo around ice-sheathed decks in some of the world's worst weather.

No sane sailor would ever dream of working heavy deck cargoes in the open ocean in the middle of the night. But that is what the airmen on the towers often had to do, because the visits of the supply ships from the mainland had to be timed precisely to the short intervals when the tidal currents ordinarily swirling around the tower's legs were slack.

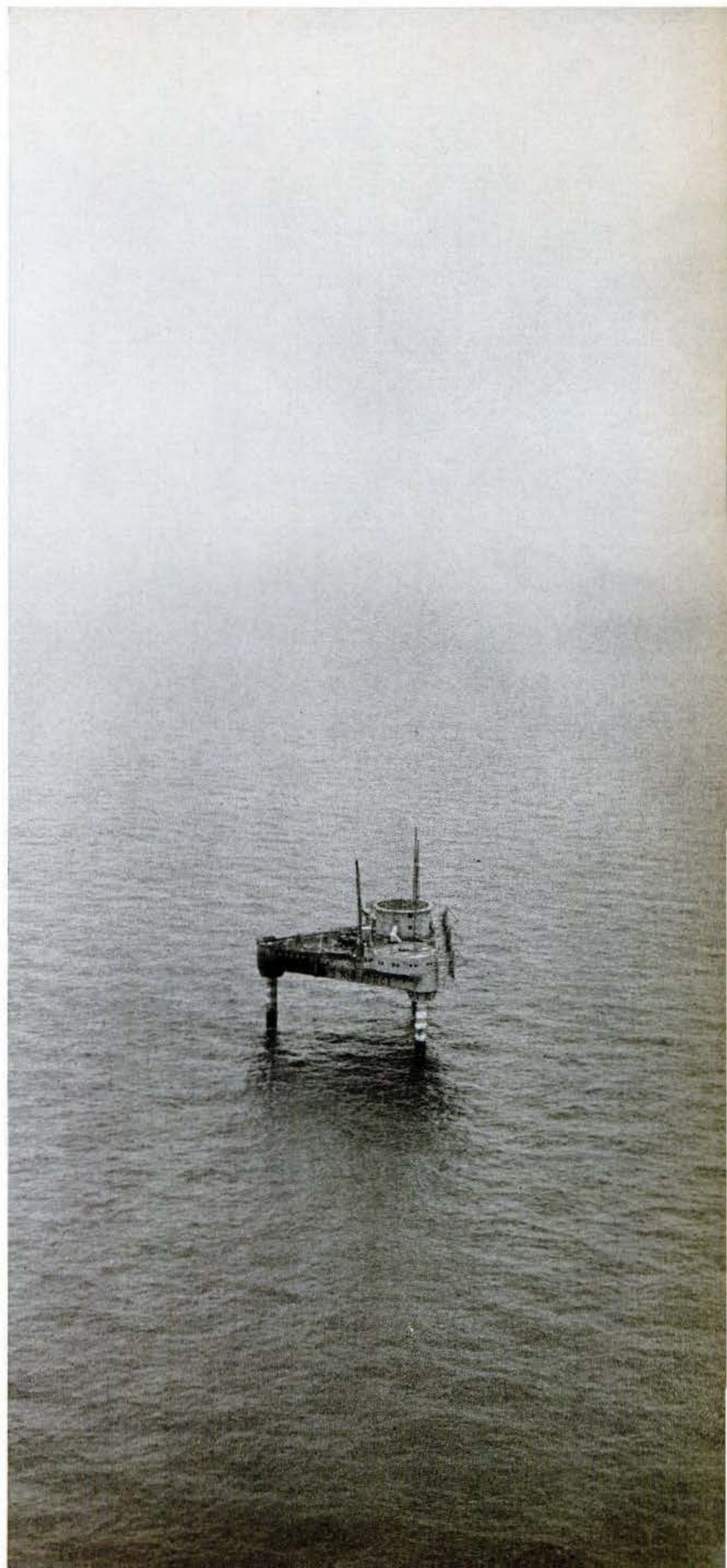
Nothing in either nautical or aeronautical history ever equalled the device the Air Force landlubbers invented for transferring personnel between the deck of the tower and the pitching supply ships, 90 feet below. It consisted of the inflated inner tube from a huge aircraft tire and dangled like a child's makeshift swing from the tower's cargo crane. A ride in the "donut" as it dangled over the black ocean and then plummeted straight down was enough to make even a paratrooper queasy. Most mariners on the supply ships took a look at the donut and declined invitations to come aboard.

In the heyday of the towers, visitors were fairly frequent. Besides the supply ships, helicopters ferried mail, Navy blimps nosed low enough to drop the Sunday newspapers, and fishing draggers hove to in the seas below the deck to barter fresh lobsters for the tower's ice cream. And there were the Russians.

When the towers were first put in place, Soviet submarines would poke up their periscopes for long, thoughtful looks—as though they could not quite believe what they saw. Later, loitering fleets of Russian fishing trawlers—many probably packed with electronic equipment for spying on U.S. defenses—swarmed so boldly around the towers that, as one airman remembered it, "Some nights the lights were so thick you thought you were back at Coney Island." Newcomers to tower duty were solemnly warned to keep a sharp lookout on

CONTINUED

Tower No. Two now sits forlornly in the calm Atlantic, 130 miles east of Cape Cod, stripped of her radar equipment and ready for the demolition crews.





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TOWERS CONTINUED

foggy nights for Russians who might try to climb aboard. Over the years a body of legends grew up telling of damp footprints encountered in passageways and of mysterious strangers furtively sipping coffee in the mess hall at 3 a.m.

Almost every military assignment has its own special unpleasantness. On the Texas Towers it was noise. Despite the best efforts of the Air Force (hobby shops, pizza parties, barbecues, daily beer ration, movies every night), a few weeks of duty on the lonely platforms were enough to give even stable airmen attacks of "tower fever"—not just from the isolation or the bone-chilling cold or the screeching wind but from the noise that seemed to be built into the towers. They reverberated incessantly with the muffled roar of diesels, the whine of air blowers, the thump of cargo-handling. Radios echoed unnervingly down the steel corridors. After a time even the clatter of ping-pong balls became unbearable. In soupy weather, which occurred often, the world's largest foghorns blasted every 29 seconds. On Tower Two the horrible horn once bellowed thus for three weeks without cease. And, even away from the tower, the noise played diabolical tricks. Tower crewmen, rotated ashore after four weeks on the tower, found the silence of their own homes so unnerving that they were forced to play a radio at their bedside in order to get to sleep.

Worse than any of these special problems was the ominous way the towers swayed and rocked in heavy seas. Each of the three had its own distinctive movement. Tower Two's was a sort of joggling motion. Tower Three, 65 miles to the south, was a twister. Set in deeper water 80 miles southeast of New York City, Tower Four, which had been damaged by a storm during its construction and by two hurricanes after it was completed, was the most restless of all. Weaving and wobbling and lurching like a living thing, she was known to the apprehensive garrison as Old Shaky.

Divers, engineers and steelworkers fought constantly to strengthen Four, but one inky Sunday night in January 1961 she suddenly collapsed into the stormy sea. Twenty-eight Air Force men and civilian workers were drowned. When, later, it was disclosed that the Air Force was already planning to phase the towers out of existence the tragedy seemed not just shocking but pointless.

Today highly efficient airborne and seaborne radar equipment does the job that the towers were designed to do. On Tower Two—and its remaining companion, No. Three—the noisy steel passageways are almost silent. Since last winter only skeleton crews have remained on the platforms, partly to supervise the dismantling of the equipment, partly to see that no one—particularly no Russian—climbs aboard for an unauthorized look.

On the deck of No. Two, neat rows of metal cargo containers bearing the chalked legend "To the Beach" await the supply ship's next call. The complex tangle of electronic gear that once gave the tower its reason for existence is long since gone. Gone too are the "scope dopes"—the radar technicians who sat for hours in the darkness, their eyes unceasingly on the luminous radar screens.

Those who remain on the tower—six enlisted men and an officer—share the special bond that links men who have survived a common perilous experience. It is not affection but a kind of grudging feeling of respect for an ornery adversary. Number Two's characteristic joggle during an unpredicted storm one recent weekend produced no dismay at all. "Go ahead," shouted a man in the mess hall, knowing that the adversary's days were numbered. "Go ahead, you monster! Walk yourself all the way back to Provincetown."

The "donut," rigged up by the Air Force, provided an ingenious but unnerving means of transportation between tower deck and ships 90 feet below.



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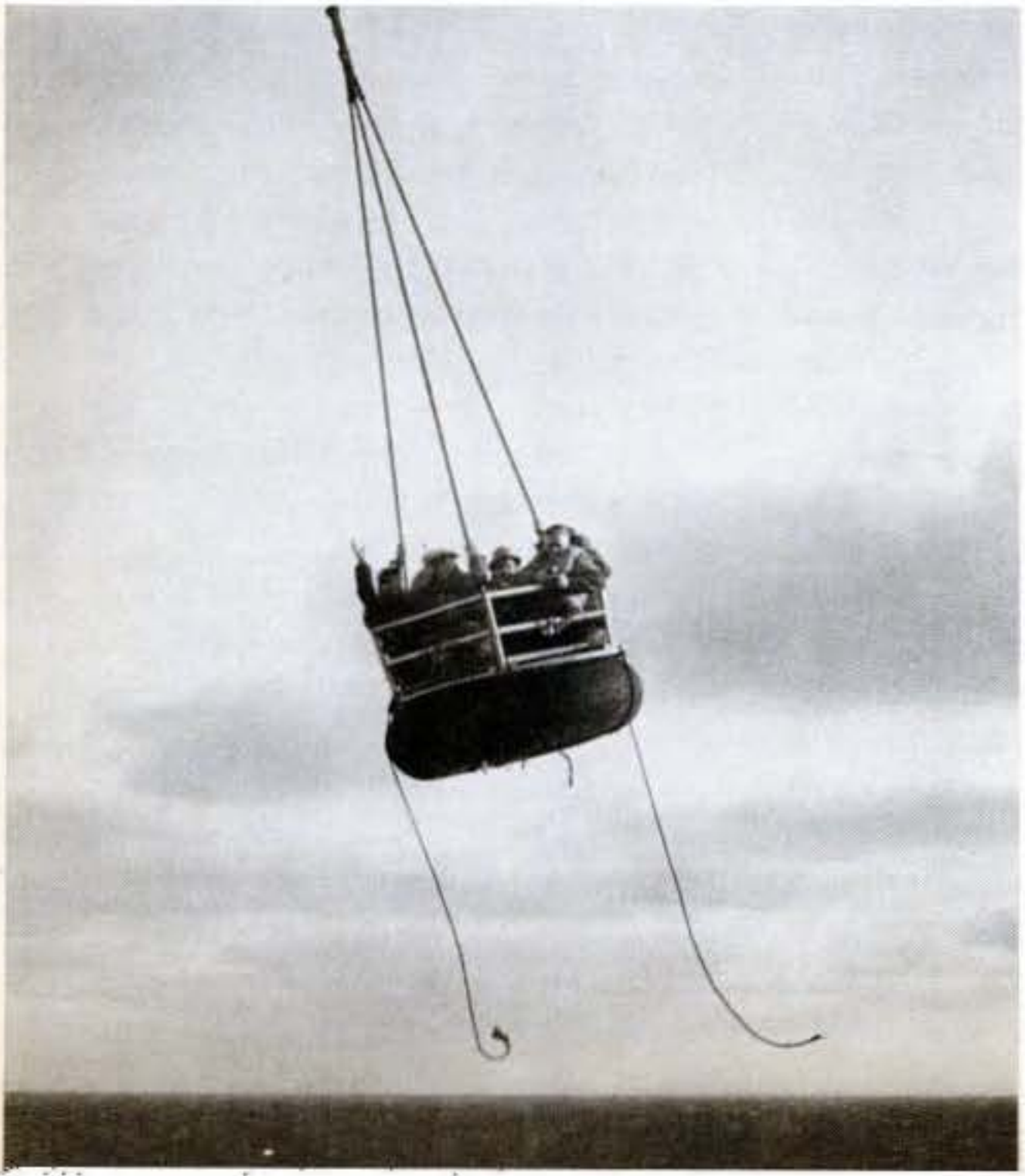
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This brilliant man was Jefferson Davis' most trusted adviser. His celebrated smile reassured his harried chief as much as it infuriated his envious rivals. He's Judah P. Benjamin.



The never-forgotten "King of the Bare-knucklers," mighty John L. Sullivan. Once, when they called a bout in the 75th round to save the life of his opponent, he wept in rage.



The great of the world (see Hoover, right; Ford, left) paid tribute to Tom Edison on the "Golden Jubilee of Light," 1929. He was like a saint presiding over his own canonization.



Stephen A. Douglas, 5'0", took on Lincoln, 6'4", for the Senate in 1858 and topped him. In the next round, for President, in 1860, the Little Giant carried only one state.



The haunting face of young Edwin Jennison of Georgia, slain on a Civil War battlefield, typifies the thousands on both sides who perished in the war that made a "more perfect Union."

E Pluribus...

E Pluribus Unum. On the face of it (see a few above), the idea of many like these getting together to make one U.S.A. is preposterous.

As it happened, it *is* a preposterous story — also wonderful, strange, funny, moving . . . and *all* yours. Treat yourself to knowing your great American legacy better, with this good "Buy Three — Get Six" offer from AMERICAN HERITAGE.

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A better way to tell may be in terms of how you get along with an idea of human freedom, and how you fit into this radical experiment of government by the people that's still in progress (and doing pretty well). But whatever you see in your mirror, you're looking at an American who is heir to the thoughts and deeds of as wildly assorted a bunch of noble forefathers and conniving fourflushers as ever got together to form one nation, indivisible.

They made great history, those faces from our past. And their stories make fine reading, any time. How well *do* you know them? True, all of us take a quick horse-back tour of our past in school days. Then, on soft Memorial Day mornings and over the Fourth of July, we pay due honor to our American legacy.

But that's no way to relish our exciting history, or to profit from the perspective that the past always lends to the present. And ours

is too good a story to restrict to the textbooks, or relegate to dry-as-dust writers.

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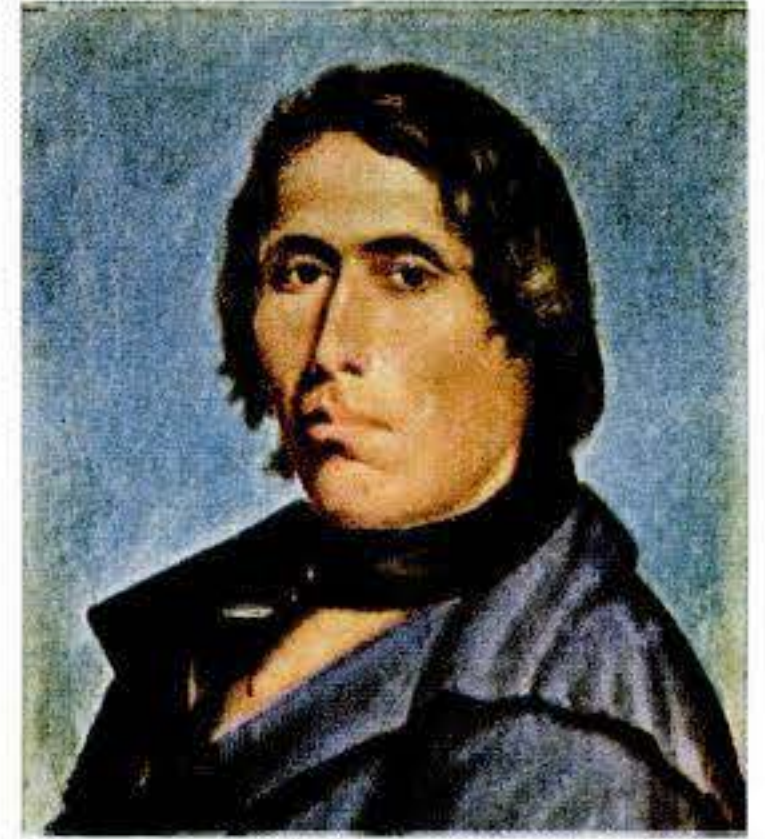
Men like young Tom Pinckney, Jr., of romantic, pre-war Charleston, gave the aristocratic South a tradition of easy, graceful living, doomed when the guns roared at Ft. Sumter.



Some pages from the New World's past are stained by men like Francisco Pizarro, Spanish conqueror of Peru. From his lips came the orders to torture and slaughter thousands.

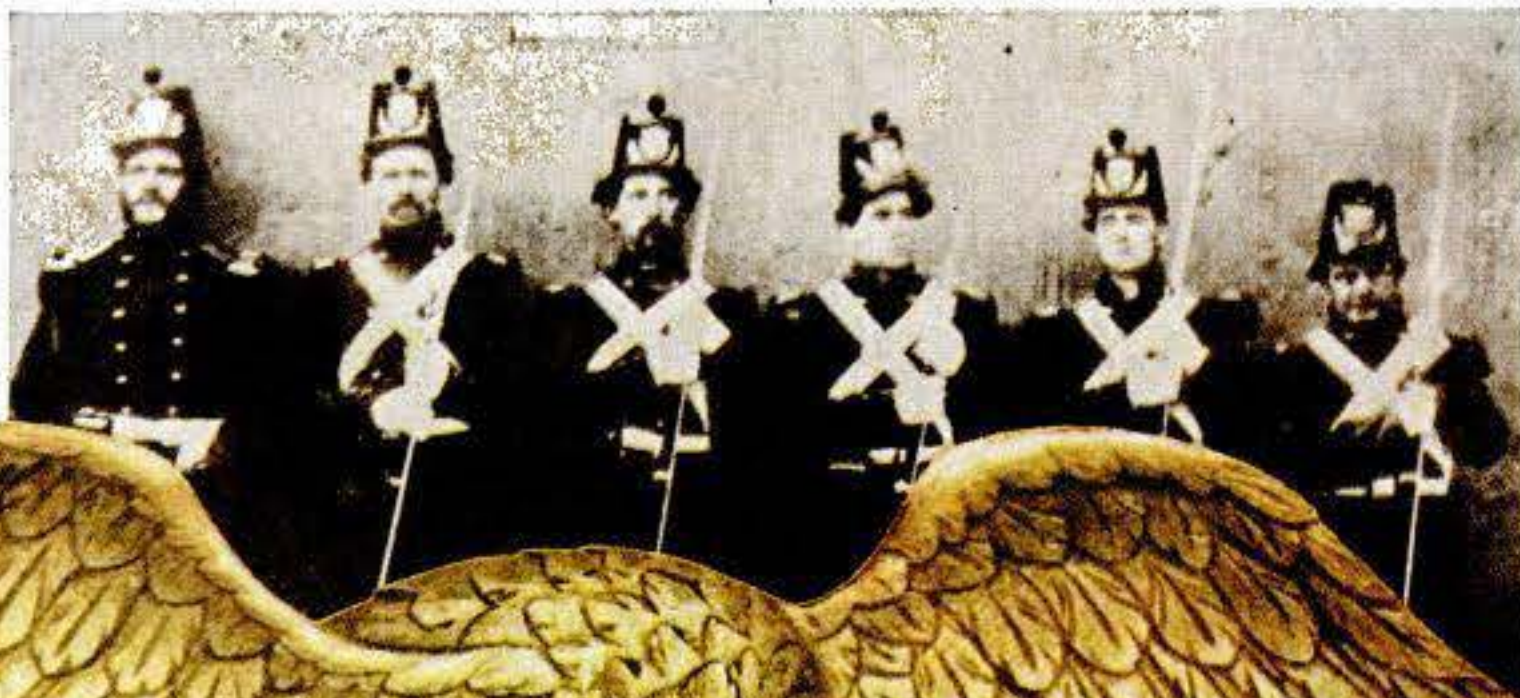


This tiny Ohio farm girl with the eye of a falcon and the energy of a tornado became the most famous marksman of all time. America sighed sadly when Annie Oakley died in 1926.

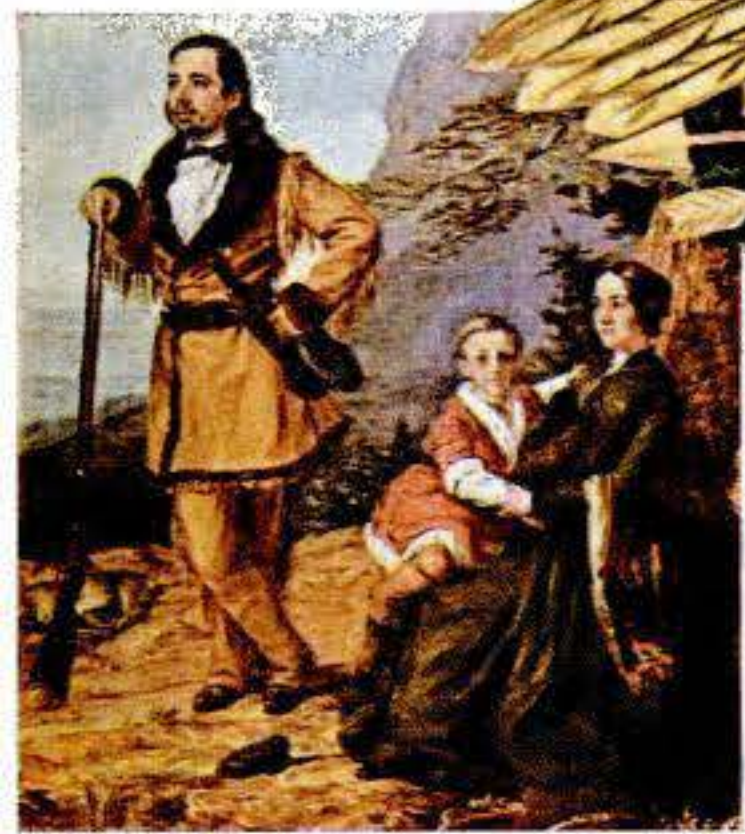


Genius, warrior, selfless leader, this man placed the needs of his people ahead of his love for a beautiful white woman. Tecumseh was one of the red man's greatest statesmen.

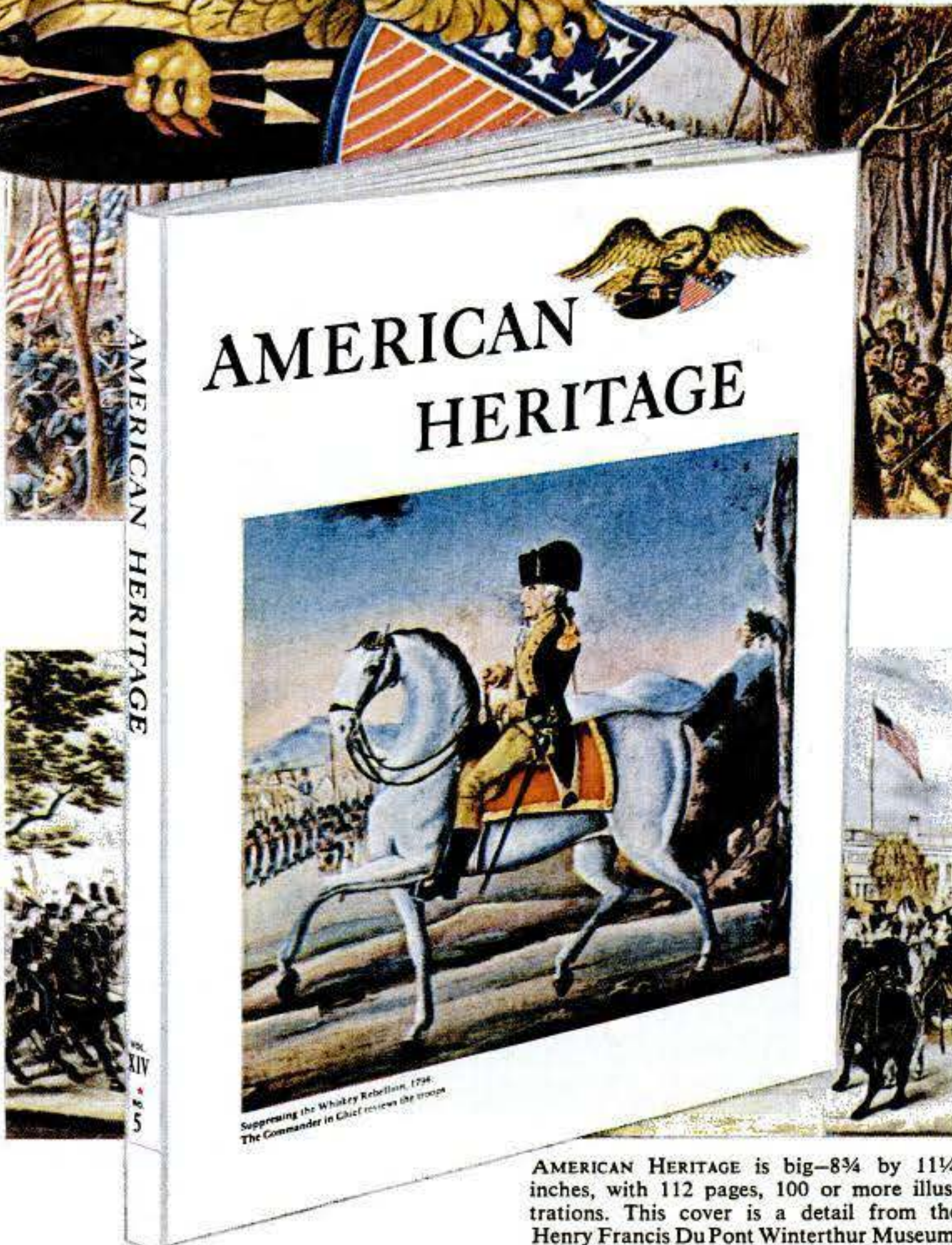
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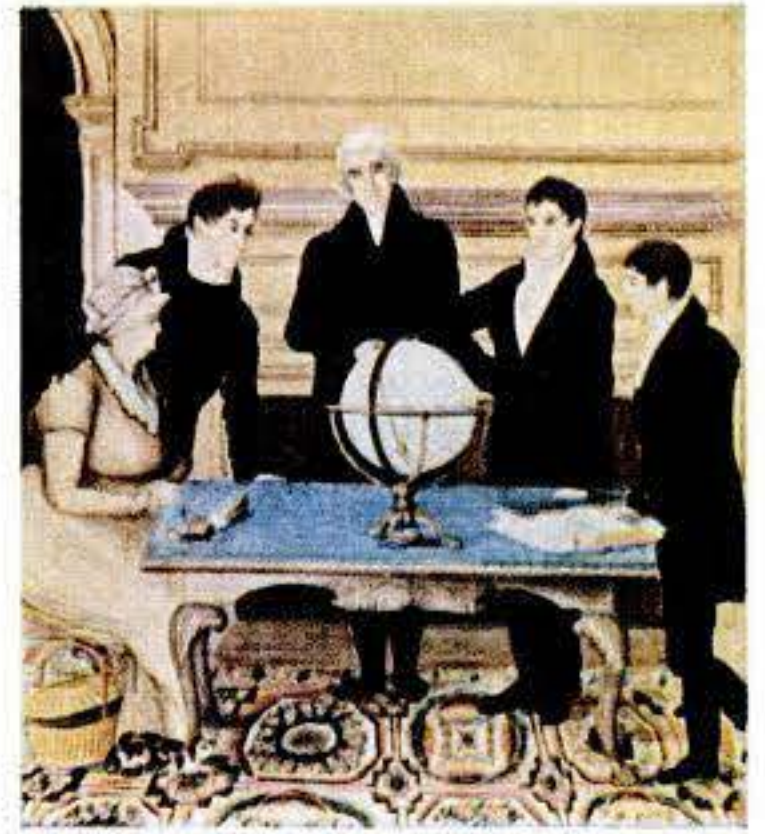
The racy, beautiful Lola Montez cut a swath no modern actress has surpassed when she jilted a king to captivate New York in 1851.



Gifted Andrew Jackson Grayson went West the hard way — by overland trail — and as the "Audubon of the Pacific" immortalized in paintings glories of a vanishing wilderness.



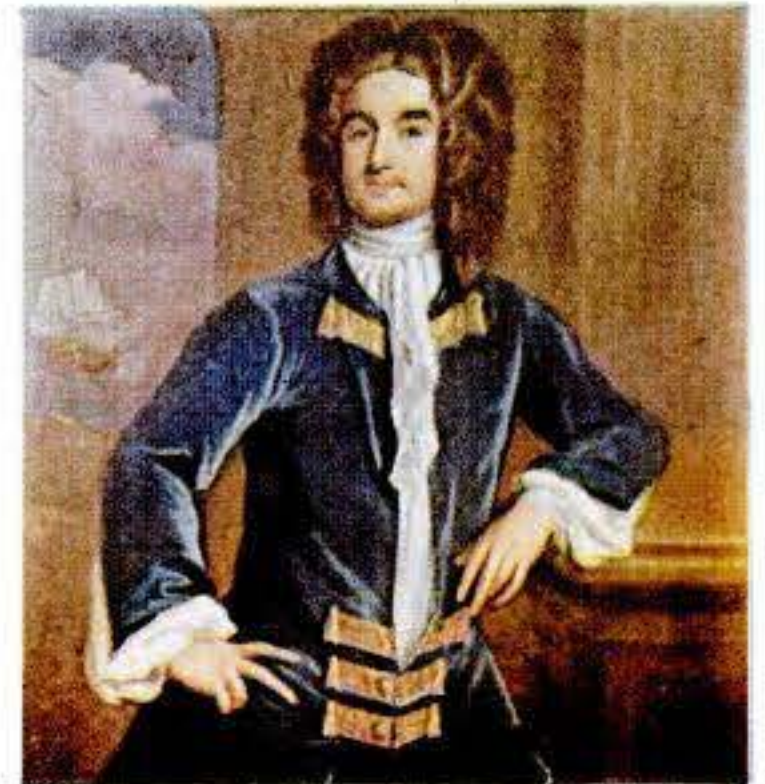
AMERICAN HERITAGE is big—8¾ by 11¼ inches, with 112 pages, 100 or more illustrations. This cover is a detail from the Henry Francis Du Pont Winterthur Museum.



In this family scene, the artist is second from right. When his paintings failed to sell, he turned to inventing "pretty toys." His "toy" — the telegraph. His name — Samuel Morse.



In the Gilded Age of crusty millionaires and no income tax, gentle Peter Cooper gave away his money in great gobs, nudging other tycoons (Vassar, Carnegie, *et al.*) to go and do likewise.



Fond of old books and young women, William Byrd II built magnificent mansions, founded Richmond in 1733, and left a secret diary which brings an historic era back to vivid life.

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LIFE GUIDE

Lighthouses

MAINE. Portland Head Light was built on George Washington's orders from local rubbierock dragged to the site by oxen. Today, 172 years later, it still sends its warning light out over the sea. (Visitors: daily 8-4)

NEW HAMPSHIRE. On White Island, 10 miles from Portsmouth, a 58-foot lighthouse (no visitors) searches the windswept Isles of Shoals which excursion boats visit daily through September. On the islands are the cave where a Mrs. Moody hid unsuccessfully with her children from massacre-bent Indians, graves of sailors lost in a wreck in 1813 and plenty of legends of ghosts and pirate treasure.

MASSACHUSETTS. The granite light on Minots Ledge off Cohasset, unattended since 1947, was completed in 1860 and has taken all the sea has hurled against it ever since, including huge waves that have swept right over its 97-foot tower. This staunch bastion is known as Lover's Light because the one-four-three flash of its 4,500 candle-power beacon according to local tradition "spells" out "I love you."

CONNECTICUT. Studios lighthouse enthusiasts can visit the Coast Guard Academy at New London, where tomorrow's keepers of the lights are learning modern know-how.

NEW YORK. At Crown Point is a memorial lighthouse commemorating Lake Champlain's discovery in 1609. The elaborate granite tower contains a heroic bronze by Rodin. At the tip of Long Island the venerable Montauk Point Lighthouse is a year-round attraction drawing thousands in summer and an increasing number in the stormy winter weather. (Visitors: weekends and holidays, 1-4)

NEW JERSEY. Sandy Hook Lighthouse, north of Highlands, has been a mariner's landmark at the entrance to New York Harbor ever since 1764 (visiting is by special arrangement with the Coast Guard). Down the coast the lighthouse at Barnegat Light, replaced by a lightship, is still open to climbers (daily 10-4:45 in summer) who come to take in the 20-mile view and peer at the original lens in the town's maritime museum, open daily 2-5.

SOUTH CAROLINA. The harbor entrance light on Sullivan's Island off Charleston is the Coast Guard's newest (1962), most modern and powerful light. It is best viewed from the new National Monument, Fort Moultrie. Outside Beaufort in Hunting Island State Park is a 90-year-old light which was retired from service in 1933. The tower has been renovated and visitors can explore it to their hearts' content.

GEORGIA. Savannah's Tybee Island Lighthouse, built in 1733, was twice burned, once in the Civil War and once during a hurricane. (Visitors: Sundays 2-4)

FLORIDA. During the Civil War the Confederate Navy ordered all lighthouses discontinued. The keeper at

On many shores, lighthouses to visit; loggers' contests, plays on records

People have been drawn to lighthouses, these lonely watchers over ships at sea, ever since Sostratus of Cnidos designed the great beacon at Alexandria 23 centuries ago—one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. Today, on the long ocean, gulf and lake shorelines of the U.S. stand thousands of lights that lure the wandering summer tourists. In many places the Coast Guard welcomes visitors inside to see the workings. (Visiting hours change and had better be checked locally.) Even lighthouses that do not admit visitors, or the increasing number that are unmanned, have their special attraction for photographers, artists or just plain onlookers—by day the roaring surf and rocky headlands, the birds and ships; by night the great beams sweeping to the far horizon. The adventurous come back to see the staunch towers stand against the storms of winter.

Cape Canaveral obliged but thoughtfully buried the light and its mechanism in an orange grove where they were recovered after the war. Today the light also serves as an observation post for clearing nearby waters of boats before a Cape launch. Off limits to the public, it is visible from the surrounding beaches where tourists wait out the countdowns and many confused visitors have stared at the 164-foot tower for hours waiting for the "missile" to blast off.

MISSISSIPPI. The Biloxi Light is within the city limits, smack on U.S. 90. By special arrangement, groups are permitted to climb its iron tower.

OHIO. On Marblehead Point, eight miles across the bay from Sandusky, the 142-year-old Marblehead Light stands over a surf-lashed shore that looks as if it had been transplanted from New England. (Visitors: daily 8-4)

ILLINOIS. The Grosse Pointe Lighthouse in Evanston was built after 300 passengers were lost in 1860 when the steamship *Lady Elgin* went down off shore. The light is set in an attractive park and wildlife garden. (Visitors: Fridays, 1-2; Saturdays, 2-2:30)

WISCONSIN. Door County's shoreline is studded with lights. The latch-string is always out at the Sherwood Point Light eight miles from Sturgeon Bay. Abandoned but accessible, Eagle Bluff Lighthouse is in Peninsula State Park near Ephraim. The abandoned Cana Island Light can be reached by car from Baileys Harbor at low tide. Out in Lake Michigan is St. Martin Island Lighthouse. Visitors are welcome almost any time, but the 20-mile trip to St. Martin is not safe for small sailboats or outboards.

MINNESOTA. Perched above Lake Superior 45 miles northeast of Duluth, the Split Rock Lighthouse warns passing ore boats not only of the dangerous reefs below but also of the local metallic rock which can throw shipboard compasses off. (Visitors: daily 8-4)

CALIFORNIA. There are two lighthouses on San Diego's Point Loma: "old Loma" and its successor, an iron skeleton tower. (Visitors: weekdays 10-5:30.) On the rocky headland above Santa Barbara, which is swept by such heavy gales that it has been called the Cape Horn of the Pacific, is Point Conception Light Station. (Visitors: daily 9-4 but only with advance permission.) Visitors to Point Pinos Light Station

near Monterey should ask to see the log books kept since 1855. The log recalls such events as the birth of a litter of pigs, the 1906 earthquake and the transition from a sperm oil lamp to the modern 50,000 candle-power beacon. (Visitors: 8-4.) Near Pescadero is Pigeon Point Light Station, one of the most picturesque on the West Coast.

OREGON. The drive down the Oregon coast on U.S. 101 passes close by several interesting lights. The Cape Mears Light near Tillamook is unmanned now; the Yaquina Head Light is near Agate Beach; the Cape Arago State Park and lighthouse are south of Charleston. Near Sixes a road leads to the Cape Blanco Light at the Coast Guard Loran station on the most westerly point in Oregon. Visiting hours at all four: weekdays, 1-3, weekends and holidays, 1-4.

WASHINGTON. Cape Disappointment Light, south of Ilwaco, overlooks the entrance to the Columbia River, once the "Graveyard of the Pacific." New Dungeness Light, reached by small boat from the crabbing and fishing town of Dungeness on the Strait of Juan de Fuca, replaces the bonfires settlers used to light on the beaches to warn ships of the treacherous eddies and tides of the strait. Both lights may be visited weekdays, 1-3, weekends and holidays, 1-4.

Records

A number of recent recordings can turn anyone's porch swing into front row center for fine drama.

The Shakespeare Recording Society has just released a trio of plays notable for their top-notch casts. *Antony and Cleopatra* gets a full-blooded and passionate treatment with British actors Anthony Quayle and Pamela Brown as bargemates. Rex Harrison is teamed up with his wife, Welsh actress Rachel Roberts, for fizzy portrayals of Benedict and his Beatrice in *Much Ado about Nothing*. *The Merchant of Venice*, that dodo of the high school curriculum, takes a new lease on life with Hugh Griffith's sour-as-vinegar Shylock and Dorothy Tutin's sweet but steely Portia. (All Caedman)

Miss Tutin, one of Broadway's most welcome visitors this season in *The Hollow Crown*, is also heard in the cast recording of these readings from English history. Her girlish bounce as the young Victoria quite erases the picture of the fat old queen in her widow's weeds. (London) In a quite different vein, reading *Brecht on Brecht*, an all-



star cast headed by Lotte Lenya and Viveca Lindfors captures the bitter essence of this major German playwright.

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? has been recorded entire with the original cast. To sit through the full three hours within range of these verbal brickbats requires iron nerves and a comfortable chair. (Columbia)

After this, the irreverent satire of two young British companies in *Beyond the Fringe* (Capital) and *The Establishment* (Riverside) is as refreshing as lemon ice on a sweltering afternoon.

Festivals

MINNESOTA. Art Manske, 64, will defend his title as fastest ax in the North against lumberjacks from both sides of the border at the seventh annual Timberennial in International Falls Aug. 2-4. Swinging two-edged axes against foot-thick logs, contestants will try to chop seconds from his record. Also up for grabs: titles in hand- and power-sawing contests, canoe races, trap shoots—and a beauty contest.

CALIFORNIA. The Plumas County Fair, Aug. 7-11 in Quincy, will be site of the Pacific Coast Loggers' Championship Aug. 10. Some 75 loggers will hack through four events—chopping, double-hand buck sawing, boxing atop a 16-foot log and ax-throwing—the target, a can of beer, makes a showy spray when hit.

WASHINGTON. The top woodsmen of the Northwest's tall timber country will meet at Morton Aug. 17, 18 for the 22nd annual Loggers' Jubilee. Judged by specialists who know the score, lumberjacks will vie to be "All-America Champ," try for a slice of a \$2,500 purse and test 12 of their on-the-job skills, from swarming up an 80-foot spar (best time, 16.6 seconds) to backing a loaded truck and trailer in an 80-foot figure eight (record, 50 seconds).

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The debates ended in a standoff, with the rapier thrusts of the intellectual blunted by country common sense. Lincoln lost the election for U.S. Senator and compared himself to the small boy who stubbed his toe—"It hurts too bad to laugh and I'm too big to cry." The people, not too big to cry, called him to Washington in 1860 where he became our 16th President and a man for the ages.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

PARTY CRASHERS

Sirs:

A lot of the evidence in your article on party-crashers (July 5) reminds me of a few parties I've been to. I think the reason kids are so wild at parties is because they want to act grown up, and since grownups drink and fight, sometimes more viciously than teen-agers, I think kids feel that this is the way to have fun.

CHRIS BOYD

Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

As the father of three lively teen-age daughters, whose home has been the site for more boy-girl parties, slumber parties, open-houses than I can remember, my impression of our new generation differs considerably from Robert Wallace's. At times it seemed as if we were draining the entire countryside of its teen-agers. We have never suffered malicious damage to our property. The young people were certainly noisy but essentially well behaved and courteous.

The bulk of teen-agers today are as serious, thoughtful and critical of the status quo as other generations were before them.

J. L. REICH

Akron, Ohio

Sirs:

My wife and I were astounded to learn that many of the parties attended by our son over the past year had been without the direct invitation of the hostess. These parties were everything your article described. The results of one such party attended by over 100 party-crashers ended in serious injury to three youngsters.

ARTHUR ALLEN

Colton, Calif.

Sirs:

As two just-turned-eighteen-year-olds we are veteran teen-age partygoers. We think Mr. Wallace has become unduly alarmed over a problem that teen-agers can usually handle themselves. The so-called "troublesome party-crasher" is either ostracized by the invited guests or peacefully integrated with them.

Please, please give us peace-loving teen-agers equal time!

SUSAN M. HENSLEY

Norwich, N.Y.

DOOMED ARCHITECTURE

Sirs:

Your article on America's architecture being doomed (July 5) was much needed. I hope it wakens Americans to the threat to our magnificent buildings. Few realize that great architecture has

been built in all periods and we have a great legacy from the Victorian period which should be respected. The danger usually comes from men who couldn't build anything nearly as good themselves.

CHARLES E. PETERSON

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

Thank you for the dramatic, if sad, article. The National Trust for Historic Preservation has led a battle against public apathy and private greed to save the best of America's architecture.

If your readers are as moved as we hope they will be, the Trust would like to tell them not only what it is doing, but, even more important, what they may do.

ROBERT R. GARVEY JR.

Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

You imply that the New York City Planning Commission gleefully condoned the "jackpot scheme" and "delivered its verdict: Down with Penn Station!"

Actually the question of whether or not to demolish Penn Station was never before the Planning Commission. Penn Station can be demolished as can any other piece of privately owned property in New York as long as existing building codes are met in the new structure.

You accuse the commission of "ignoring historical and esthetic considerations" and concentrating on technical matters. How could it legally frame a ruling on a matter not before it concerning an issue not within its jurisdiction?

SIDNEY J. FRIGAND

New York City

► Technically, the commission did not rule directly on Penn Station. But in giving special dispensation for the proposed arena, it doomed the famous landmark.—ED.

Sirs:

Throughout your article I find a disturbing note of sentimentality. What is old is not necessarily great; neither do we need to speak reverently, patriotically even, of America's "grand" architectural heritage.

The thing to remember about architecture is that it serves the needs of the people. Pennsylvania Station's "herculean columns [and] vast canopies of concrete and steel" seem a waste of space in our time.

Penn Station at best is only so much classical hash.

GLORIA SERMAN

Canton, N.Y.

Sirs:

Our historic village, too, awaits the wrecker's ball: a graceful 1794 church in exchange for a parking lot, a handsome 1792 mansion for apartments. Our pleas are met with gracious political smiles, deaf ears and crocodile tears.

How ironic that each year hundreds of thousands of Americans visit Europe, soak up its culture and its proudly preserved architecture, then callously bulldoze our own historic heritage here at home.

MARILYN T. CAMPBELL

Northport, N.Y.

Sirs:

In Chicago there is an active preservation movement: 38 buildings, the great definitions of the modern style, have been designated by the City Council as official architectural landmarks and efforts to preserve them have aroused international support. The state legislature has passed a bill giving Chicago full and explicit powers of artistic and historic preservation.

THOMAS STAUFFER

Chicago, Ill.

EDITORIAL

Sirs:

"Abigail Adams, Integrator" was a timely editorial (July 5).

Perhaps, if Americans in 1797 had followed through on her mature thinking, we in 1963 would not be facing a racial revolution.

MRS. SAMUEL MORROCK

Brooklyn, N.Y.

POPE

Sirs:

I am sure that the American people are bored with the saturation technique used by your magazine in regard to the Kennedys and Catholicism, mainly the Pope.

You imply that the Pope is the spiritual leader of world Christianity; this is not so. The Pope means nothing to millions upon millions in this great world of ours. He is no more than any ordained minister or priest or rabbi of the other religions of the world.

REV. WILLIAM E. BERNINGER

Carlisle, Pa.

LIFE GUIDE

Sirs:

I know that the three million people in the state of Washington recognize your error in locating Vancouver in the state of Oregon, *LIFE* Guide (July 5).

The 32,500 people living in the city of Vancouver, Wash. would appreciate

the correction, for this lovely city was the home of some of the early settlers in the Northwest, and many of their descendants still live there.

JULIA BUTLER HANSEN

Member of Congress

Washington, D.C.

GETTYSBURG REUNION

Sirs:

Regarding your report (July 5) on the tantalizing myth about a fight at the stone wall when Pickett's men met survivors of the II Corps, I want to tell you that it is a fact. I was there and saw it happen. I was one of 200 Boy Scouts who went to Gettysburg to assist the regular army in taking care of the veterans. I saw the veterans of Pickett's divisions moving across the wheatfield, just as they had done 50 years before.

When they reached the wall, the fight took place. Both groups participated with vigor: fists flying, umbrellas being used as weapons, language typical of the American fighting man coming from the veterans of both the North and South. It was stopped, by the regular army soldiers present, but it was wonderful while it lasted.

CARL F. DUFFNER

Palmer Lake, Colo.

Sirs:

What thrilled me most was the picture of the old men who attended the reunion. The man on the extreme left was my grandfather, Lieut. Simon Pincus.

AMY SAMUELS

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sirs:

The third man from the right is my grandfather, Dan F. Anderson, who was in the 8th Virginia Regiment, Pickett's Division.

FRENCH ANDERSON

Tulsa, Okla.

Sirs:

The fourth gentleman from the right was my grandfather, Jonathan Moore Lacke, who fought in many battles including Gettysburg where he was taken prisoner July 3, 1863.

ERMA REED BEDDALL

Boise, Idaho

Sirs:

My grandfather, Captain Robert William Douthat, is second from right. He was a member of Kemper's Brigade, 11th Virginia Infantry.

JAMES ROBERT DOUTHAT

Wildwood, Fla.

IN NEXT WEEK'S

LIFE

COMING SOON

**One of the Rarest Sights
Ever Photographed
GIANT WHALES
AT PLAY**

Color pictures enable you
to see them eye to eye

**SEWED-ON ARM
GOES TO WORK**
Medical Miracle's Remarkable
Effect on an Injured Boy
**Garden Tour of Europe
FLOWER LOVERS' RAMBLE**

**An American's
Great Collection
of English Art**
Paul Mellon's Treasures
Conjure Up a Gracious World

You've heard about it!

The blade that lasts and lasts (for more shaves than you dreamed possible - each one a smoother, more comfortable shave)

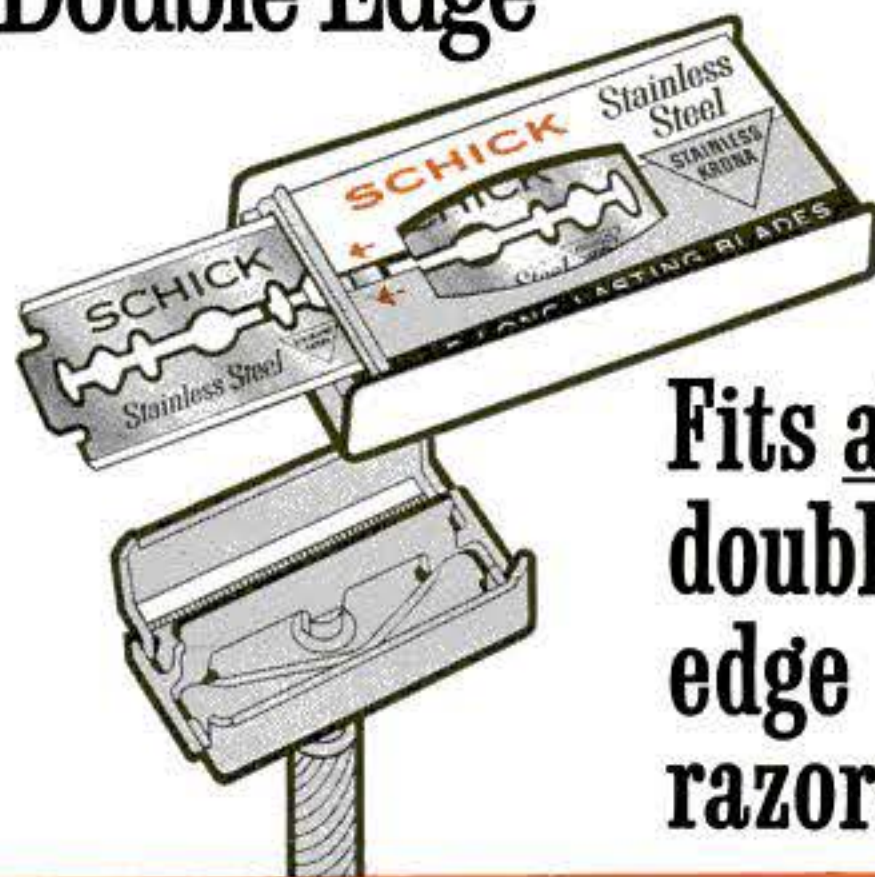
Now it's here-

Schick

Stainless Steel

in your choice of TWO GREAT BLADES:

Double Edge



Fits all
double-
edge
razors

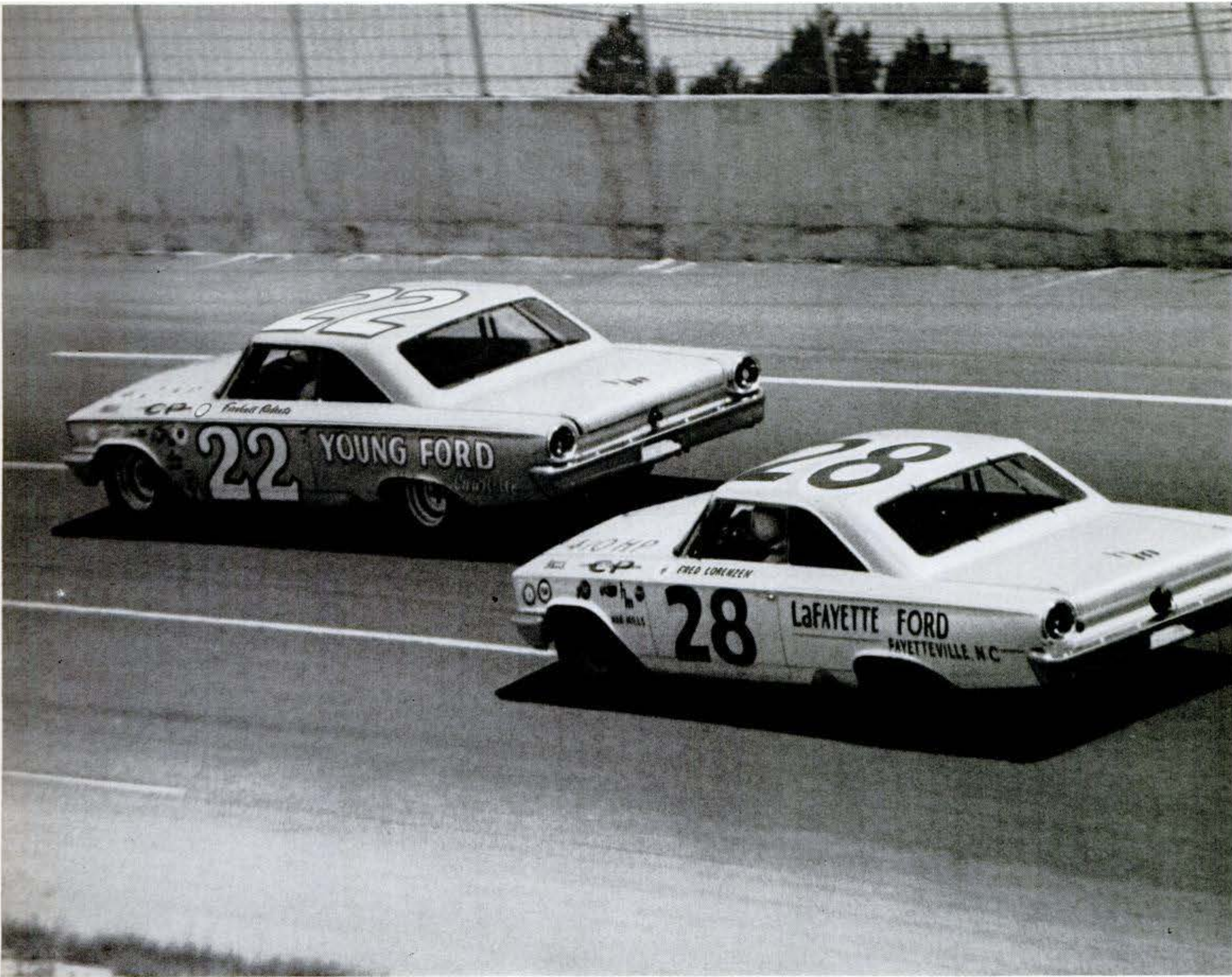
STAINLESS
KRONA

Injector



Fits
all
Injector
razors

SCHICK SAFETY RAZOR CO., DIVISION OF EVERSHARP, INC. *Schick Quality Around The World* Factories in Halmstad, Sweden; Toronto, Canada; and Milford, Conn.



Here's how the big Super Torque Fords looked in action. They finished 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 10.

Bang! The big, tough Fords outlast all competition ... sweep Daytona's Firecracker 400

Daytona Beach, July 4. Thirty-five of the country's finest cars took the starter's flag today in the annual Firecracker 400. Only 11 cars finished. That's how tough the race was.

Six out of nine Fords in the event were still going strong at the finish. That's how tough the 1963 Fords are.

BIG YEAR FOR FORD'S TOTAL PERFORMANCE

Ford's domination of this 400-mile classic tops an unprecedented string of victories in stock car events, rallies and performance trials this spring—including

ing a history-making five-car sweep of the Daytona 500 in February.

You need more than just a fast car to win events like these. Almost all the cars entered at Daytona had the speed to win. But, it takes total performance—the right combination of handling, braking, cornering, acceleration and absolute durability to stand up to the brutal demands of major stock car competitions.

Ford's total performance has been bred in open competition. Our cars are more durable, easier to handle, quieter and more comfortable because of the things we have learned in competition

at places like Daytona, Riverside, Atlanta, and the Pure Oil Performance Trials. What we have learned pays off for you every day in your kind of driving.

Before you buy any new car, test-drive a solid, silent Super Torque Ford. Make this important discovery:

If it's built by Ford, it's built for performance—total performance!

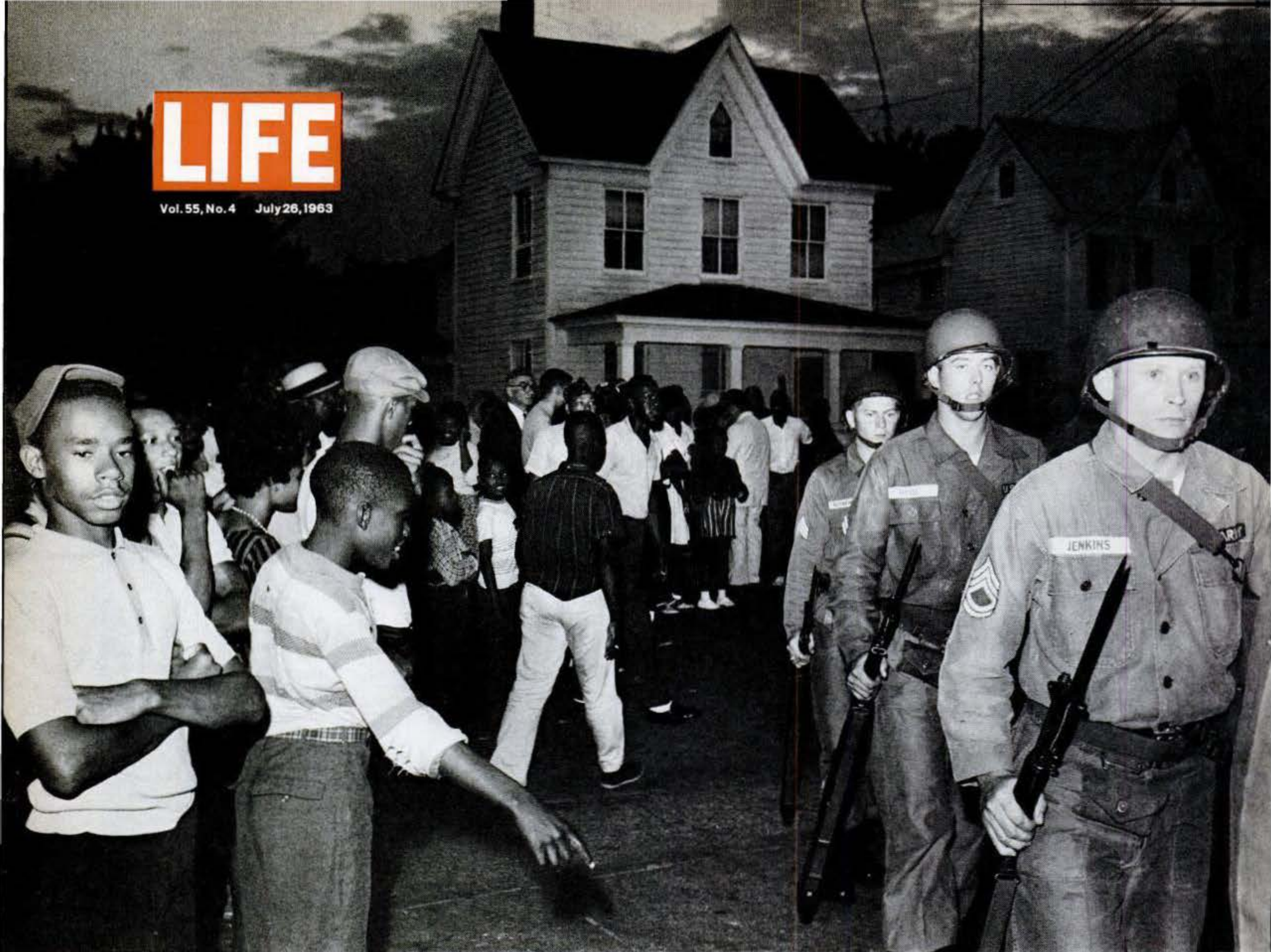
FOR 60 YEARS THE SYMBOL
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BAYONET LAW. On alert in Cambridge after dark, National Guardsmen file by jeering group of Negroes.

THIRTY MILES DIVIDE

Cambridge, Md. Stumbles into Racial War

In Cambridge, Md. soldiers of the National Guard patrolled in battle dress with bayonets fixed. For months, because of the shortsightedness of its leaders, the town had resisted the stirrings of its Negroes for equality of rights and opportunity. Now the Guard is the only force capable of staving off wholesale racial war.

The troops had been there before to try to restore calm and had pulled out. In their four-day absence violence erupted swiftly between Negroes and whites. A night of widespread shooting left six men wounded—and brought back the Guard.

The conflict that put Cambridge under militia law began heating up 18 months ago when the city's Negro elders gave way to younger and more militant leaders. The new urgency took the whites of Cambridge by surprise. They reacted to Negro demands for better jobs and desegregated restaurants with bitter intransigence. The battle was fought in words, then with rocks and fists—and finally with bullets. The town's folly—and there was no other word for it—reached its highest point when leaders on both sides managed to agree on only one thing: no solution was in sight.

Photographed in Cambridge
by FRANK DANDRIDGE, GORDON TENNEY,
DON UHRBROCK

ARMED CAMP. Conical tents of National Guard (*foreground*) sit in military rows in Cambridge schoolyard.





CIVIC TEAM. Led by Salisbury's Mayor Frank Harris (*left*), biracial committee checks Negro dwellings.

FOLLY AND REASON

Salisbury, Md. Finds a Path to Racial Peace

In Salisbury, Md.—barely a half hour by car from Cambridge—Negroes and whites went calmly in quest of harmony. For three years, because they saw that trouble might come, they have been quietly cracking racial barriers. Now they see the peaceful fruits of their work.

When the segregation issue came to Salisbury, leaders of both races sat down, mapped out a plan, then made a simple pitch: "Integration is coming. Let's face the fact and save our businesses." The plan's logic made it work. Step by step Salisbury opened its public facilities, its

schools and its businesses to Negroes—without any trouble.

Ironically, the only great difference between Salisbury and embattled Cambridge is enlightened self-interest. Both are work-a-day towns of small industries and stores. For generations, whites in both cities disliked the idea of equality for Negroes. But the perceptiveness of Salisbury's leadership overcame the inertia of the past. Though much remains to be done to give Negroes equality of opportunity, Salisbury, like other cities that have faced facts, is finding a peaceful solution to racial problems.

QUIET TOWN. A short trip from Cambridge, cars cruise Salisbury's peaceful business district (*left center*).

Photographed in Salisbury
by LEONARD McCOMBE





IN CAMBRIDGE, THE TROOPS . . .

Maryland State Police control mobs in Cambridge (*left*) by blocking a street between the white and Negro neighborhoods. Shortly after the picture was taken, the night exploded

with gunfire. White and Negro snipers fired into each other's residential areas and at passing automobiles. No one was killed, but the night of shooting brought the National Guard back

to Cambridge in even greater force than before. At bottom left, with a curfew in force, National Guardsmen search an automobile and its passengers for forbidden firearms and liquor.



A Negro policeman directs traffic in Salisbury where both races stroll in security. Patrolman Grayson Kenney is the only Negro on Salisbury's 27-man force, but he works in both white

and Negro sections of town—unusual in a southern town. Using the sidewalk as a forum, Mayor Harris (*top picture*) talks to two young Negroes about Salisbury's progress in desegre-

gation. They told of their worry about Negroes who are talking of possible future demonstrations. James Leonard (*seated*) said direct action would do their cause more harm than good.

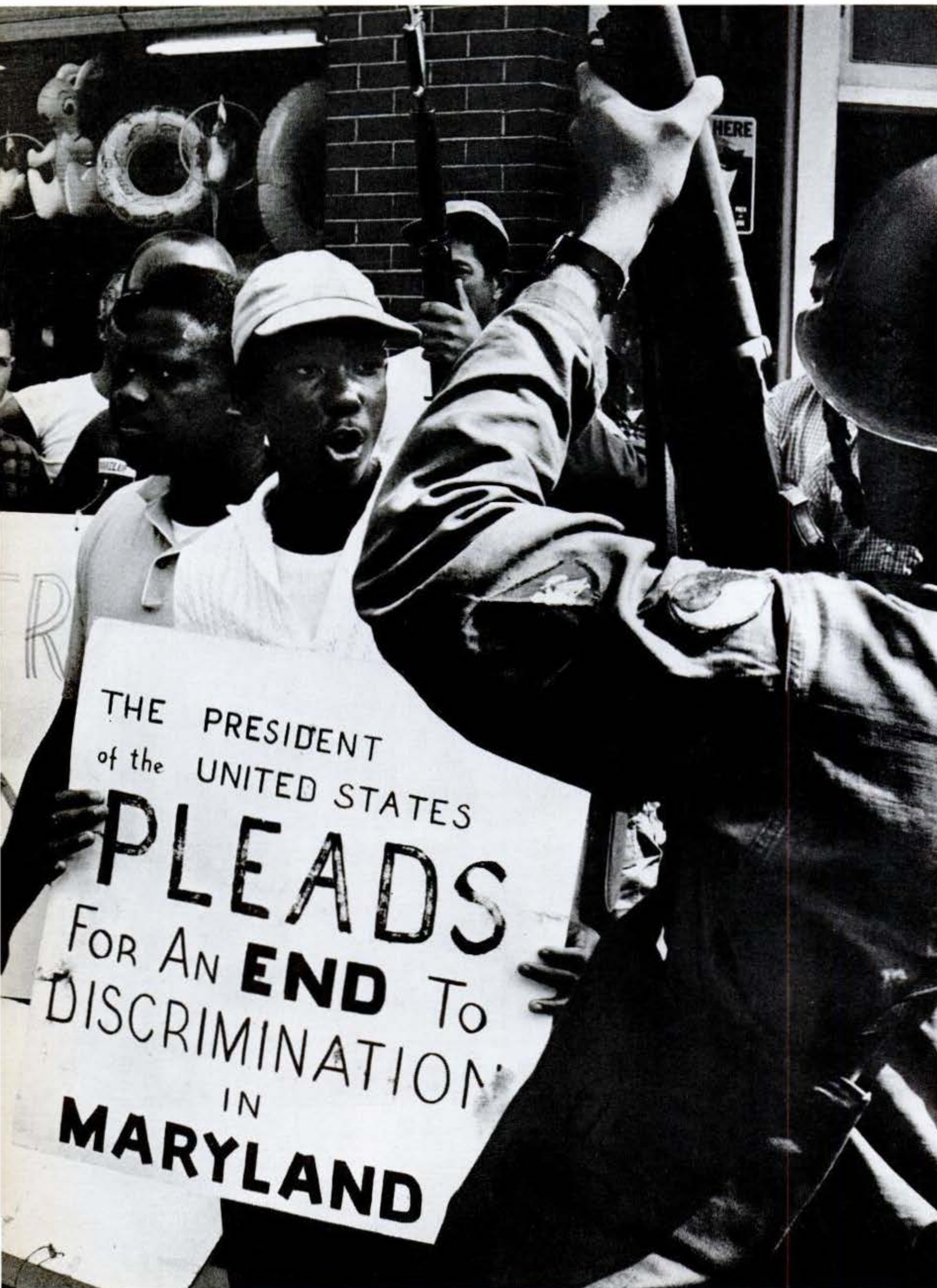
. . . IN SALISBURY, A NEGRO COP

GUNS HOLD ANGER AT BAY . . .

The unrelenting anger of Cambridge's Negroes is seen on the face of the youthful picket below. He was one of 14 arrested last week by the National Guard for violating the military order against all protest dem-

onstrations—a ban the Negroes had scrupulously observed during the earlier Guard occupation. Bitterness likewise has congealed in much of the town's white population, as symbolized by the fiercely segregationist

lunchroom operator Robert Fehsenfeld (right), who was photographed a fortnight ago smashing an egg over the head of a demonstrator. Belatedly, the mayor of Cambridge last week established a biracial commission.



... CALM YIELDS SOLID RESULTS

Salisbury's drive toward racial harmony has shown visible results. More than a dozen Negro citizens like Mrs. Blanche Purnell—shown below displaying goods to white customers in a dress shop—now work in the city's

downtown retail stores. This fall Negro children will attend class in all of the city's elementary schools. All major hotels, motels and restaurants are desegregated. So are parks and playgrounds. But some of Salisbury's

whites, though willing to go along, are cautious: Negroes are welcomed at the English Grill (*bottom*) during the day but are barred after midnight on weekends because the owner fears drunken white patrons might make trouble.





BORDER WATCH. With Cambridge's curfew in force, soldiers crisscross cornfield with anti-aircraft searchlights on the outskirts bordering town's white section.

END OF A TALE OF TWO TOWNS: ARMY LIGHTS AND SERENITY

INTIMATE TOUCH. In Salisbury hospital Dr. E. A. Purnell checks white patient, Ray Townsend, who says, "We are put here together. We must stay together."



Cambridge has helped us more than anything," says an integration leader in Salisbury. "We can say, 'Look what happened over there.'"

It could have happened in Salisbury three years ago, when Negro students threatened to hold a demonstration unless three lunch counters were desegregated. On the last day of their deadline, the counters complied. The more myopic citizens sighed with relief. But not the white leaders. "I knew they were just feeling us out," says one. "So a few of us met the mayor for lunch and when we came out we had our biracial commission."

The commission had trouble at first finding out exactly what the Negroes wanted. "Often the Negro will tell a white only what he wants to hear," says one member. The list they finally got was not long: the right to enter public places, and better jobs. "Letting us go into a restaurant isn't enough," said a Negro. "We want to be able to afford to go there."

Then the commission put pressure on the town to accept the demands. It resorted to scare tactics—by warning what would happen if there were violence. A few members with influence in the banks had an economic weapon. "We would never actually deny anyone a loan who did not cooperate," says one leader, "but when you're talking from the seat of power the other fellow can't help but think about it."

The local priest used a bit of power, too. When a diehard restaurant owner—who was a Catholic—refused to desegregate, Monsignor Stout went to see him. "I told him he had to do it," he reported, "and he did."

No one in Salisbury believes everything is solved. There is a young Negro extremist in town now, trying to make things go even faster. And another Negro leader—once among the most forceful—feels that the new Negro aggressiveness sweeping the country is going too fast and getting out of control. "She's got everything she wants," says a white colleague, "and she doesn't want us to go any further."

Integration in Salisbury has not changed anyone's attitude toward his fellow man. The whites make it clear they are sacrificing segregation to preserve everything else. It is a matter of common sense, not brotherhood. As one leader on the commission puts it, "There are no bleeding hearts among us."

MICHAEL DURHAM

JOINT ENDEAVOR. At a Salisbury playground two sand-lot outfielders, combining to make the play, concentrate on shagging a fly in the great American game.



LIFE**on the Newsfronts
of the World**

JOVIAL HOST. As test ban talks get under way, Khrushchev greets Under Secretary of State Averell Harriman (*left*) and Lord Hailsham (*right*), joking "I'm surrounded by imperialists."

ROUND TABLE. Conferees get down to business in Moscow's Spiridonovka Palace. U.S.'s Harriman is at far left. U.S.S.R.'s Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko (*right center*) is flanked by Deputy Foreign Minister Valerian Zorin (*hands folded*) and Geneva negotiator Semyon Tsarapkin. Lord Hailsham is second from the right.



At a Moscow round table the talks begin with a guffaw

From the look of Nikita Khrushchev, Under Secretary of State Averell Harriman was the most welcome thing to reach the Soviet Union since wartime lend lease. Harriman and Britain's Lord Hailsham had arrived in Moscow to negotiate a limited nuclear test ban, and the Russians were in such good humor that the usually dour Andrei Gromyko, amid guffaws, suggested his boss could sign a blank sheet of paper and fill in the words later.

But as Harriman knows better

than almost anyone, the Russians have smiled that way before—when it suited their tactical purposes. In this instance the auspicious beginning of the talks was surely linked to another talk going on in Moscow, the Sino-Soviet confrontation over their ideological breach. Khrushchev had testily boycotted that meeting.

To give himself leverage in his ruckus with the Chinese, and to project his own brand of Communist thrust, it possibly suited

Khrushchev's tactics to seek some kind of a rapprochement with the West. Aware of this, the American and British negotiators sat down at the big round table to hear the Russians out and set guidelines for future talks to assure the security of central Europe, including Berlin. But there was no one present to speak for France's Charles de Gaulle, who insists on his own nuclear arms, or the Chinese Communists, who threaten to step onto the thermonuclear stage within a year.



CONTINUED



HARRIED SLUGGER. In 1896 Hugh Jennings set a record by getting hit 49 times but even so he batted .397.

Beanball my men?

Upset by a series of losses last week, Manager Alvin Dark of the San Francisco Giants swung out at one of baseball's most hallowed institutions—the beanball. He did have provocation. In the Giants' recent games most of the batting order has been hit or sent groveling in the dirt. Nobody, Dark declared, could bean his batters—unless they wanted to be beaned right back. But when Dark had his pitcher hit the opposing pitcher, Dark himself was thrown out of the game for his vengefulness.

What made Dark mad was the injustice of penalizing this righteous retaliation. He recognizes the uses of the beanball and knows that opposing pitchers harbor no rancor toward his team. The truth is that few beanballs are thrown in malice, and even fewer are aimed at the bean. Some pitchers, for instance, like to sight in on Mickey Mantle's legs, just to remind him of his tender knees. Most pitchers don't aim to hit the batter at all. Or at least they expect him to duck. But the near-miss pitches—the “knockdown,” “duster” and “brushback”—are as much a part of the pitcher's repertoire as his fastball and curve. They keep a batter from planting himself for the big hit and they keep his mind on survival instead of on the ball game. Last year, 709 major league batters were hit. Over the years beaming has caused a few crippling injuries and one death. In 1920 Carl Mays threw a submarine pitch to Cleveland's Ray Chapman and the ball bounced so far back into the infield that fans thought it had been bunted. Chapman, hit in the skull, died the next day.

Trying to cut down injuries, the leagues a few years ago adopted the batting helmet. At least it can take the sting off the ball. But schemes to outlaw the beanball itself have never worked. Any pitcher can throw one accidentally. Walter Johnson, one of baseball's true gentlemen, was deathly afraid that he might bean someone, and Ty Cobb exploited the fact by crowding the plate against him. But Johnson still conked 204 batters in his career—a major league record.

A few batters are “plate paralytics” who cannot get out of the way. Hugh Jennings of the old Orioles, who became a little addled after diving headfirst into an empty swimming pool, got hit 49 times in a single season.

Other batters crowd in at the plate so tight they are hard to miss. Washington's Minnie Minoso, seen in a characteristically beanball-flattened position at right above, hangs his head so far over the plate that opposing pitch-



ers call him “John the Baptist.” The habit has made him the most-hit target in modern baseball.

In 1958 both leagues tried to curb beaming by levying \$50 fines on a pitcher who threw at a batter by design. But this means that umpires have to determine intent—something juries have a hard time doing—and the umpires have shied away from applying the law. “We've got enough trouble calling strikes and balls,” said one, “without trying to read minds.”

Most ballplayers feel that the threat of retaliation, Dark's solution, is the only thing that keeps beaming within bounds. As a deterrent, this philosophy may leave much to be desired, but it has produced some of the game's livelier moments.

Once when Leo Durocher was managing the Dodgers against the Cubs, he stood on the dugout steps yelling his famous war cry, “Stick it in his ear!” every time a Cub came to bat. Next inning the Cub pitcher retaliated by firing the ball into the dugout after Durocher. Like Alvin Dark, he was punished for reprisal—but not by the umpire. He got fined by his own club for missing. —DON MOSER



LETHAL BEANBALLER. Carl Mays's underhand fastball was not aimed to hit Ray Chapman (right), but it did.



KILLED BY PITCH. Ray Chapman died the morning after he was hit by Mays while at the peak of his career.

We'll beanball you, Alvin vows Darkly



TOP TARGET. In a game against the Yankees in 1955, Minnie Minoso lay grimacing in pain after being hit by

pitch which fractured his skull. Roy Campanella, Don Zimmer, Pete Reiser, Joe Adcock and Joe Medwick

also had serious head injuries. So far in his career Minoso has been hit 183 times—more than any other man.



ANGRY MANAGER. Alvin Dark gets mad at umpire who threw him out of game for ordering beanball reprisal.



BATTERED ROOKIE. On first day in the majors, Dark's Jim Hart is felled by pitch which broke his shoulder.



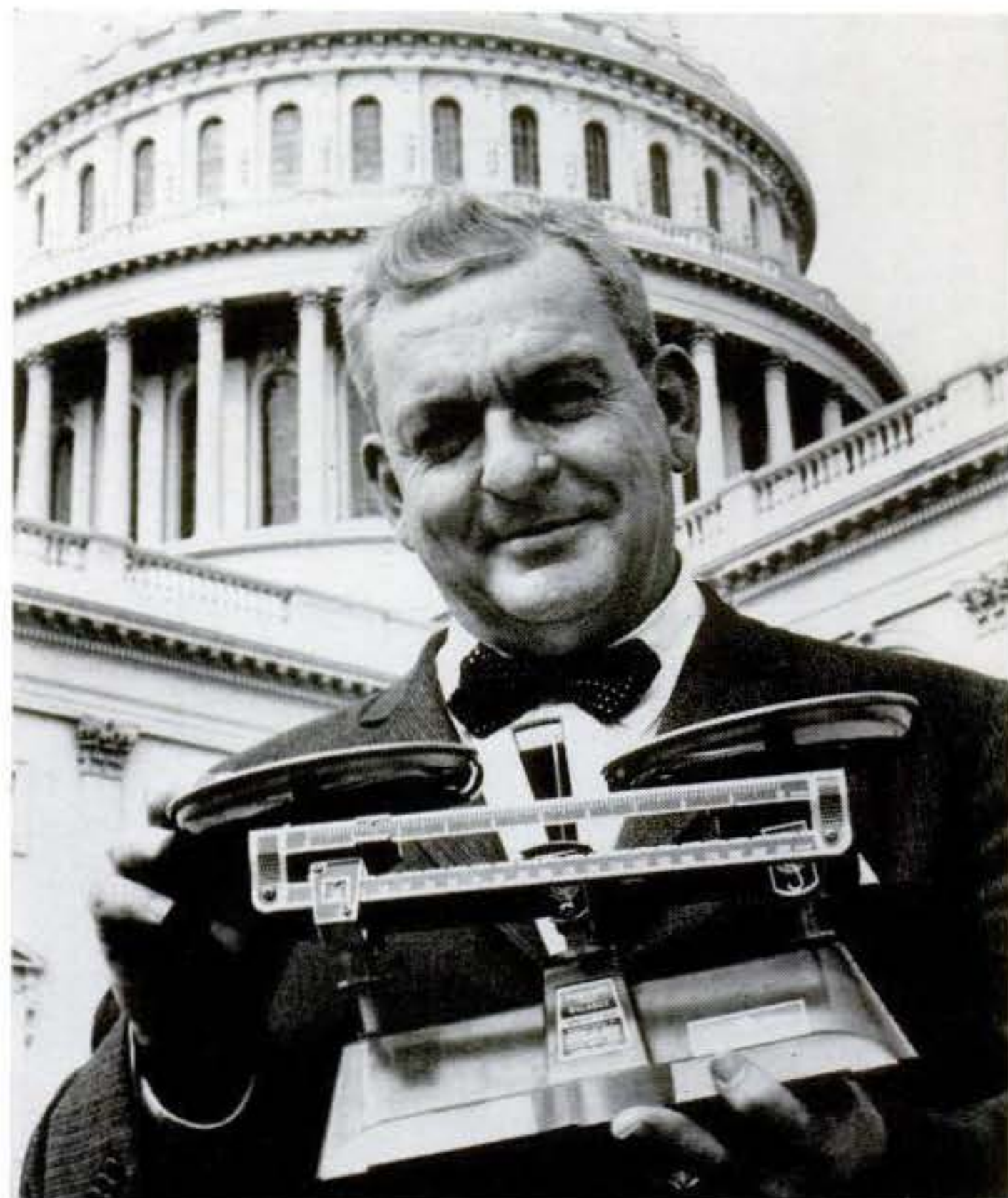
Preeeeeeee-sent umbrellas!

Bowlers in place and brollies at present arms, these very perfect Englishmen stood at attention for the queen's handsome cousin, Princess Alexandra. It was a gathering of those veterans known as the Old Comrades, turned out splendidly in mufti. Exclaimed an officer when the princess had passed down the line and found all in order: "She was very nearly bowled over."

Haitian hatchet man picks off a predecessor

The big fat colonel looked pleased with himself. A year ago Gracia Jacques was a lowly sergeant in the Haitian army. Almost overnight he became No. 1 hatchet man to Haiti's dictator François Duvalier (right). Last week he proved his worth by gunning down Duvalier's last major opponent, a turncoat terrorist named Clement Barbot who himself was once Duvalier's principal aide and hatchet man.

NEWSFRONTS CONTINUED



He tips the congressional power balance

The scales that Congressman John Young tilted on the Capitol steps symbolized a potential major upheaval in the power structure of the House of Representatives. Speaker John McCormack had

proposed the Texas Democrat to fill a vacancy on the House Rules Committee and, if approved, he would tip its delicate balance in favor of the conservatives—a serious blow to Kennedy's program.



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THE CIGARETTE WITH THE NEW MICRONITE FILTER

*Refines away harsh flavor...refines away
rough taste...for the mildest taste of all!*

THE FINER THE FILTER, THE Milder THE TASTE

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"I just love to open 'em." You will, too. New Pop Top cans make opening a Schlitz almost as much fun as drinking one. Lay in a sociable supply of real gusto in a great light beer. Have a party. Be famous. Like tonight?

real gusto

in a great light beer





Seattle Sees a Splashy Sculpture

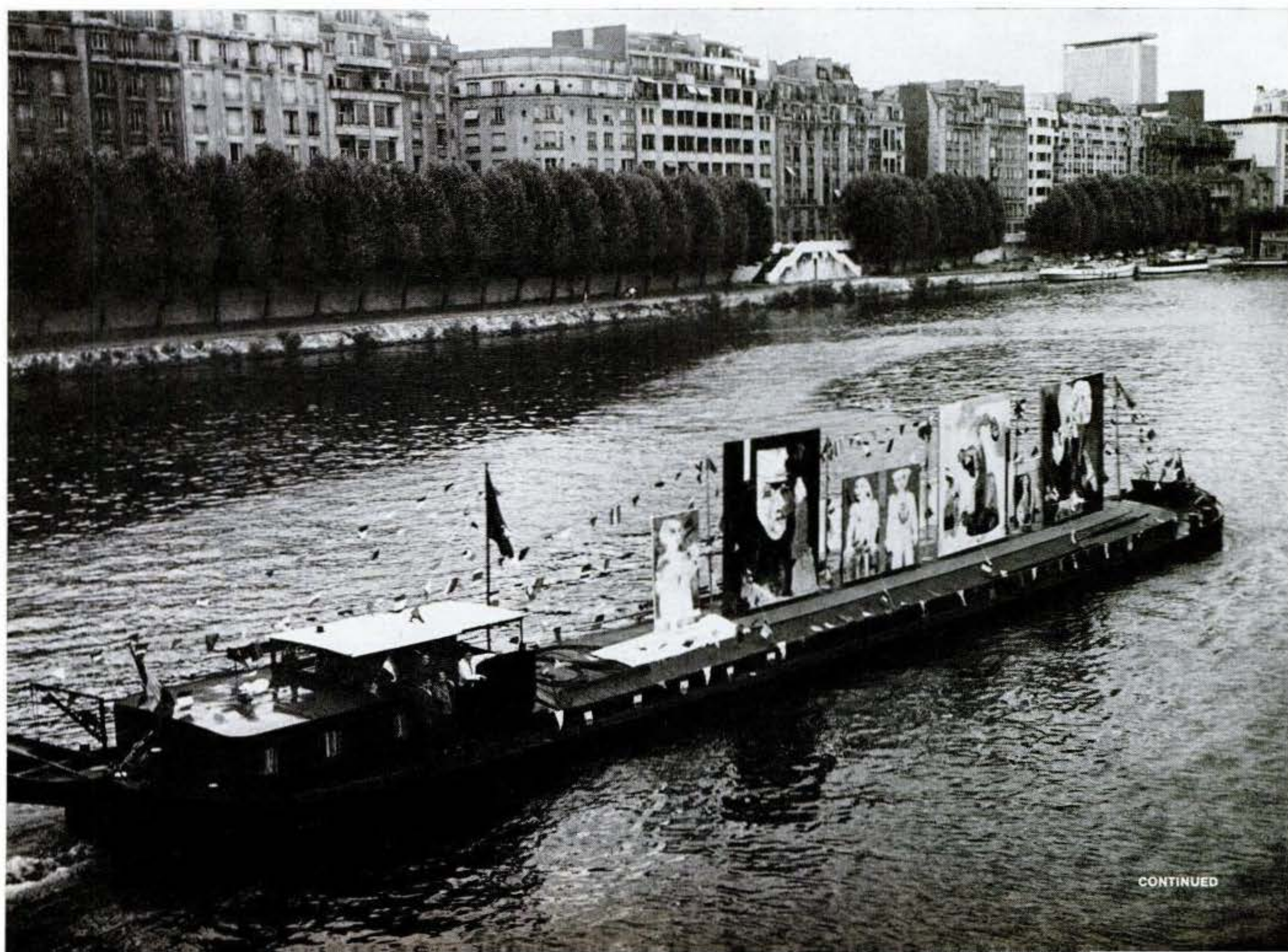
With a wonderful whoosh of illuminated spray, Seattle's fanciest new fountain (*above*) went into action. Made from 170 agricultural sprinklers linked into a plumber's

nightmare on the site of last year's World's Fair, the fountain was designed by Sculptor Jacques Overhoff to give water "the quality of abstract expressionist painting."

Paris Sees a Painter Barging Ahead

To exhibit his paintings to Paris' Left and Right Banks, Artist Bernard Lorjou floated them down the middle on a Seine river barge. But quay-side critics included the po-

lice who, having gazed unhappily at a canvas (*second from left*) that showed De Gaulle's head on a stick, scuttled the shipborne show—for violation of navigation laws.



CONTINUED

WORRIED SURGEON. Dr. Adolph Yates of transplant team waits near Regis Sismour's bed when patient develops breathing trouble.



A Noble Failure



ALERT DOCTOR. When other treatments fail, Dr. George Magovern prepares bronchoscope to look inside lung and take out possible blockage.

LAST KISS. A week after transplant, Mrs. Sismour kisses her husband, now tired by breathing with his faltering lung. Only a few hours later he died.



CRUCIAL TEST. Trying to find out whether the transplanted lung is being accepted, Doctor Yates uses syringe to draw a sample of bone marrow from breastbone of Sismour. Doctors believe that this marrow produces a type of white cell which rejects foreign

tissue, and by analyzing marrow they can tell whether a drug used to suppress these cells is having its desired effect. This test showed signs of early rejection. The stitches in chest (*foreground*) close incision through which Sismour received dead man's lung.



Loses a Life but Advances Surgery

In a Pittsburgh hospital last week a hopeful woman kissed her husband. That night he was dead. But he was dead on man-made time—granted him by two intent young doctors who achieved an extraordinary new medical feat. He died after breathing for a week with a lung lifted from a dead man. It was only the second time in history anyone had performed a human lung transplant, and it was just one of the burgeoning recent advances which are bringing doctors much nearer to the easy, even routine, replacement of worn-out body organs.

A remarkable chain of circumstances assembled itself in Pittsburgh's Presbyterian-University Hospital two weeks ago to make the historic operation possible. Regis Sismour, 44, the father of two, was dying of emphysema, which

stretches the lungs' air sacs and turns them into useless bags. He had only a day or two to live. On the same floor of the hospital a 33-year-old man lay dying of a brain hemorrhage. His lungs were normal and functioning. Two surgeons at the hospital, Dr. George J. Magovern, 39, and Dr. Adolph J. Yates, 29, had been practicing lung transplants on dogs for two years. They had told the Sismours that a transplant was the only chance, but they also pointed out that the first such transplant performed last month at Jackson, Miss. had failed: after eleven days the recipient died. The Sismours decided to gamble on the operation if they could find a donor. There was, after all, no other hope.

For legal and humane reasons the doctors could not ask permis-

sion to use the hemorrhage victim's lung while he was still alive. He lay unconscious, on a chilled mattress, hooked to a respirator pumping air to his lungs and to an EKG machine monitoring his heart. When he died at noon on a Sunday, they hurriedly got his wife's permission to remove a lung, then rushed back to the body to keep the lung alive. They continued to pump in oxygen and modified the EKG machine to keep the heart beating slowly. It could not bring him back from the dead, but it could keep some blood going to his lungs while the doctors prepared Sismour for the transplant. This would be an intricate job requiring a team effort by some 15 different doctors. Fortunately Presbyterian is part of a modern health center which had the necessary specialists in many

fields. Fortunately it was Sunday and operating rooms were standing empty and ready.

At 1:45 Sismour was on his way to one operating room. On the fifth floor Magovern opened the donor's chest and cut all but the lung's major connections to the body. On the 11th floor Yates opened Sismour's chest. Then Magovern raced upstairs and removed Sismour's left lung, the one easiest to reconnect. When it was out he phoned the donor's room where a resident cut away the remaining connections of the dead man's lung and plopped it into a sterile bucket of salt solution packed in an ashcan full of ice and covered with sterile sheets and a tarpaulin.

The lung rode in its transporter

CONTINUED



NEWSFRONTS

CONTINUED

to Magovern, who immediately set to stitching its artery, veins and windpipe to the corresponding parts of Sismour. He started circulation going and when he hooked up the windpipe an anesthesiologist pumped air into the lung. "That was a beautiful sight," said Magovern. "The lung was collapsed to the size of a fist, just a dead-looking purple-blue hunk. Then the air made it expand and it suddenly became a soft pink living thing. It was sort of like a sunrise."

Sismour's new lung worked just fine. Too fine. By the next morning he was having convulsions: after four years of starving for breath he could not get used to more normal breathing so suddenly. The doctors gradually adjusted his air intake and for the next six days the gamble seemed to pay off. He looked better and felt better. He sat up and dangled his legs, saw his children, and ate a steak. But the doctors in the intensive-care unit stayed near, knowing that at any time their luck—and Sismour's—might run out.

A week ago Sunday it did. In the late afternoon Sismour began laboring for breath. The doctors could tell that the lung was stiffening, unable to expand with the air they now tried to force in. At midnight Sismour was dead.

Even after an autopsy the doctors do not know why Sismour's transplant failed. But one thing is surely involved: the body's immune reaction which attacks and rejects any foreign tissue. To transplant an organ, doctors have to knock down this immune reaction. In Sismour they must have knocked down his immunity to germs as well. At the same time the doctors may not have reduced his immunity enough and his body started rejecting the lung. They are making intricate studies to find out exactly what did happen, for immunity poses the basic obstacle in the fight to perfect transplanting.

In early transplant work doctors avoided the immunity problem by transferring an organ from an identical twin, whose tissue causes no immune reaction in his recipient twin's body. The Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston successfully transplanted the first kidney from one twin to another in 1954.

But ever since, doctors have been seeking ways to reduce the body's immunity so that organs can pass to a non-twin. They tried radiation, which helped but wasn't the total answer. Then, in 1958, a group at Tufts found that an anti-cancer drug interfered with the immune reaction. Since then, similar but better drugs, sometimes

combined with radiation, have enabled a score of patients to live with kidneys transplanted from strangers, non-twin relatives or dead bodies.

In the last few weeks these kidney drug successes have emboldened doctors around the U.S. to try transplanting other human organs. Recently a team associated with the Colorado University School of Medicine in Denver performed the first human liver transplants. Three died, but at this writing the fourth is still alive.

Drugs have stopped rejections

of transplanted organs repeatedly in animal cases. In Cooperstown, N.Y. dogs have lived two years with transplanted lungs and six weeks with grafted hearts. It is certain such successes will lead to transplants of other vital organs—including the heart—on humans. Doctors are learning to type donors' tissues to reduce the extent of an immune reaction, and they

are continuing to perfect their surgical techniques on such virtually doomed patients as Sismour. When they do they will go on to patients whose general condition will give them a better chance of surviving. Eventually another Regis Sismour will become the first of thousands of patients to walk out of a hospital living on a borrowed lung. —ALIX KERR

Having breathed for a year with a transplanted lung, a beagle at Mary Imogene Bassett Hospital in Co-

perstown, N.Y. gets a checkup from Dr. David Blumenstock who consulted on human lung transplants.



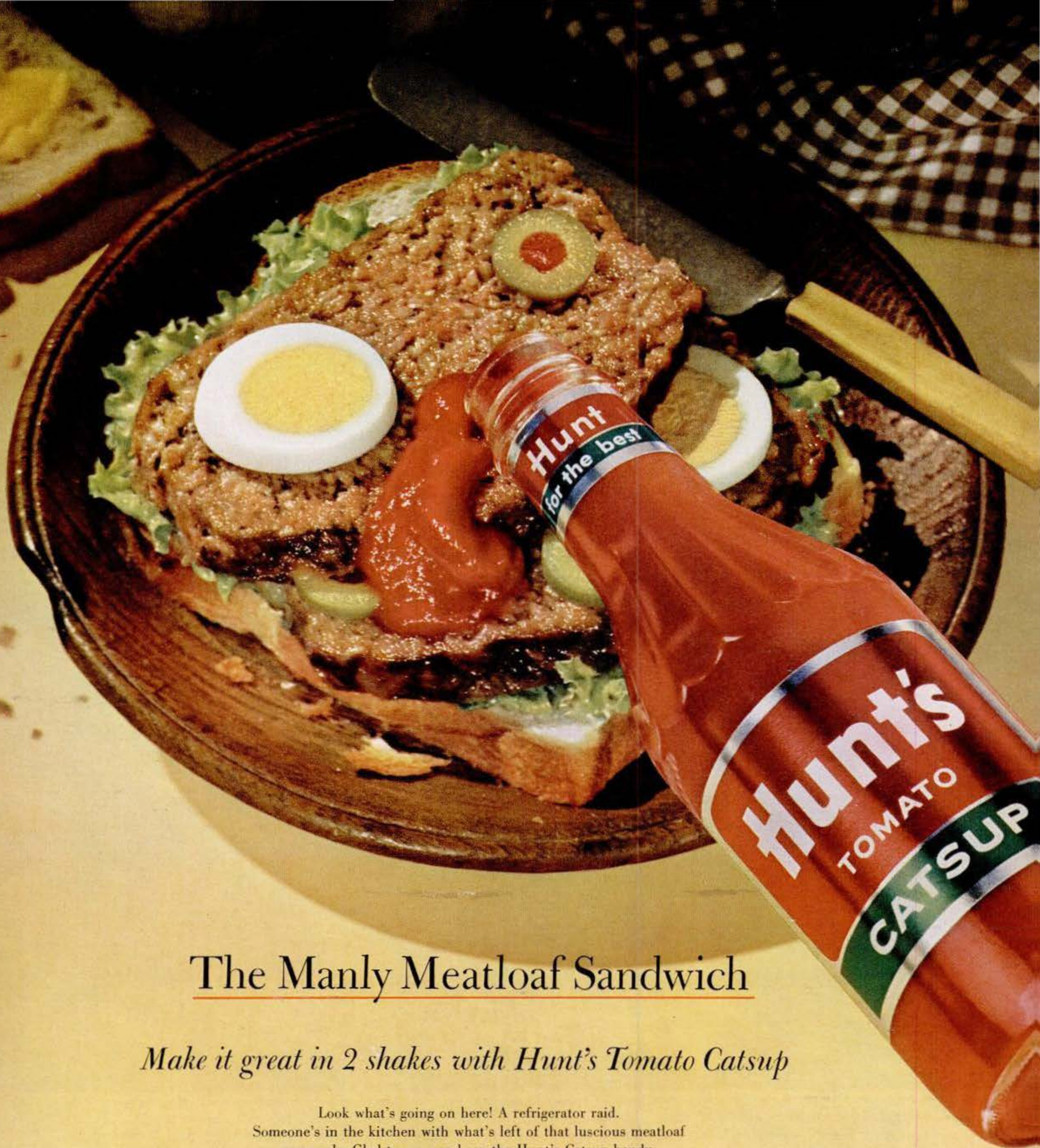
A dog survives with a borrowed lung



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Trust your car
to the man who
wears the star





The Manly Meatloaf Sandwich

Make it great in 2 shakes with Hunt's Tomato Catsup

Look what's going on here! A refrigerator raid.
Someone's in the kitchen with what's left of that luscious meatloaf
you made. Glad to see you keep the Hunt's Catsup handy.
The catsup with the old-fashioned *kettle simmered* flavor really
sets off a meaty sandwich for a man.

Cold meatloaf	Sliced eggs
Olives	Lettuce
	Buttered bread
Hunt's Tomato Catsup	

To make ready for your raiders, chill leftover meatloaf
for easier slicing. It makes a hearty good sandwich with sliced eggs and
olives. Have it with lettuce on buttered bread and
for the finishing touch, Hunt's Tomato Catsup, the best thing that
ever happened to a sandwich. *Hunt Foods, Inc., Fullerton, California.*

A NEW SENATOR'S LADY JUST CAN'T
GET OVER IT

'Imagine Me Here in D.C.!'

"Living in this town," says Marvella Bayh, "is like standing in front of a banquet table laden with all your favorite foods, knowing you can never possibly begin to sample them all."

Marvella is talking about Washington, D.C. where she moved a few months ago as the wife of Indiana's freshman Democratic Senator Birch Bayh. She rolls band-aids every Tuesday with Mrs. Stuart Symington and dances at parties with Vice President Johnson, but she is still as starry-eyed about the capital as she was when she first saw it as a child. Her second visit, when she was 17, marked a heady political triumph of her own. She had been elected governor of the Oklahoma Girls' State. Arriving in Washington with the other girl governors, she was chosen president of the whole Girls' Nation. "I thought then that the most tremendous thing in the world would be to live here and play some small part in this great government of ours." The dream came true when her husband unseated the veteran Senator Homer Capehart last fall. Now 30, Marvella still cannot fully realize it has happened: "If I live to be a thousand, I'll never be able to see the Capitol all floodlit at night without that small funny feeling inside, sort of like a lump in my throat."

Marvella Bayh's dazzling smile flashes as she waits to receive guests at dinner party in the Bayhs' home.

"I feel we should entertain more, but I'm told we're not expected to the first year. I'm a little rusty after two years on the campaign trail and three years before that in a two-room apartment."

CONTINUED



MARVELLA CONTINUED



At style show Marvella whispers about fashions to Mrs. Gale McGee, wife of Wyoming senator.

"Clothes have been a big problem. When we got here I only had one formal—my first since college—and suddenly I found I needed several long dresses for black-tie parties at the embassies."

Birch Bayh and his 7-year-old son Evan tussle during one of the senator's rare evenings at home.

"Evan was pretty upset about leaving all his friends in Terre Haute, but he grows happier here every day. He and his father wrestle whenever they're together, and he made the swimming team at his school."



At dinner honoring Indiana's other senator, Vance Hartke, Marvella jokes with Vice President Johnson.

"I felt quite awed by him at first. But when he sang 'Happy Birthday, Dear Marvella' on the eve of my 30th birthday, he put me completely at ease."



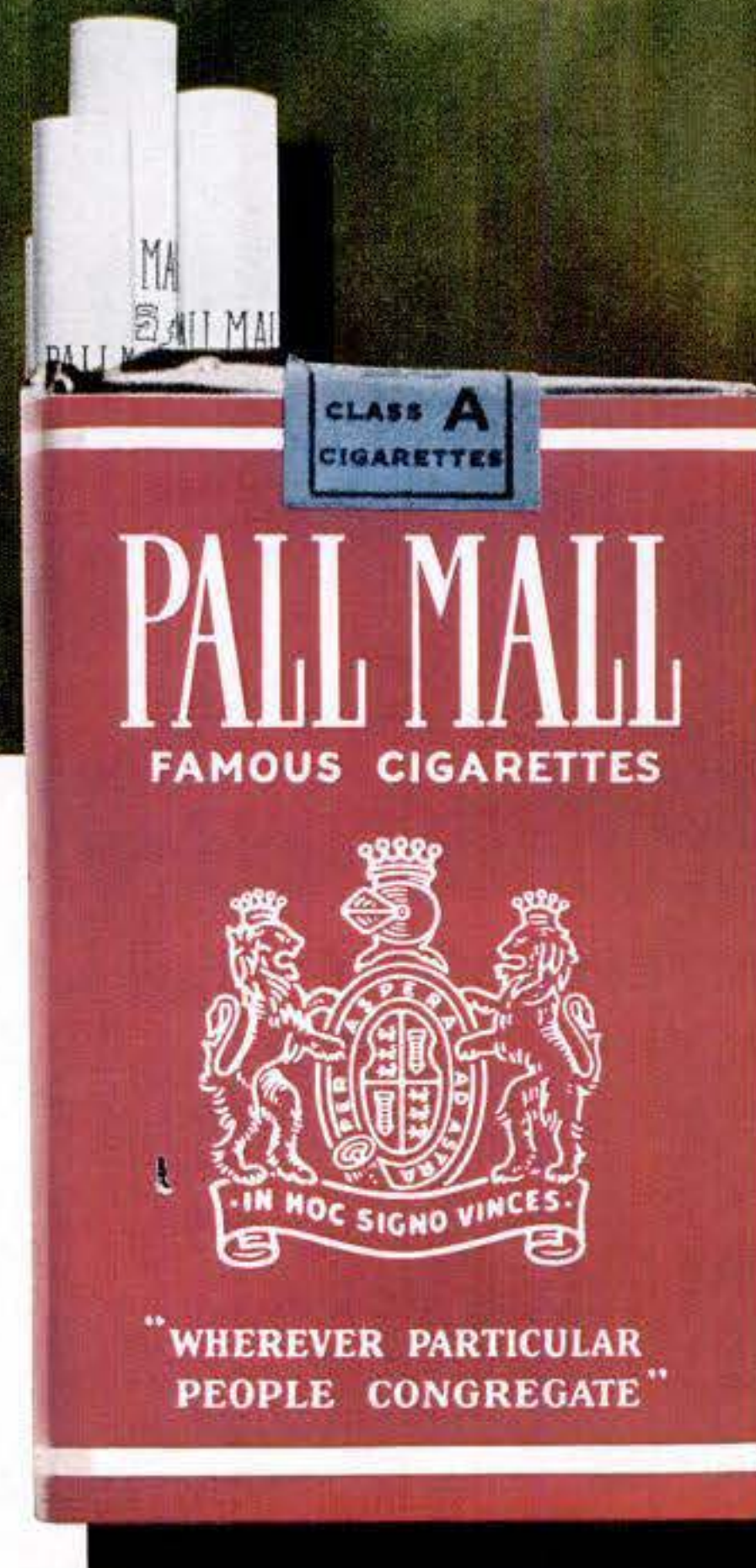
At weekly meeting of Senate Ladies Red Cross group, Marvella rolls bandages with women of both parties.

"Some of my best personal friends at home are Republicans, but except for my Tuesdays at the Senate Ladies Red Cross I seldom get to meet people in Washington who aren't Democrats."

CONTINUED



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is so good to your taste!***



***So smooth, so satisfying,
so downright smokeable!***

For flavor and enjoyment you just can't beat Pall Mall's natural mildness. It's so good to your taste. Never too strong. Never too weak. Always just right! Enjoy satisfying flavor... so friendly to your taste. **Outstanding...and they are Mild!**

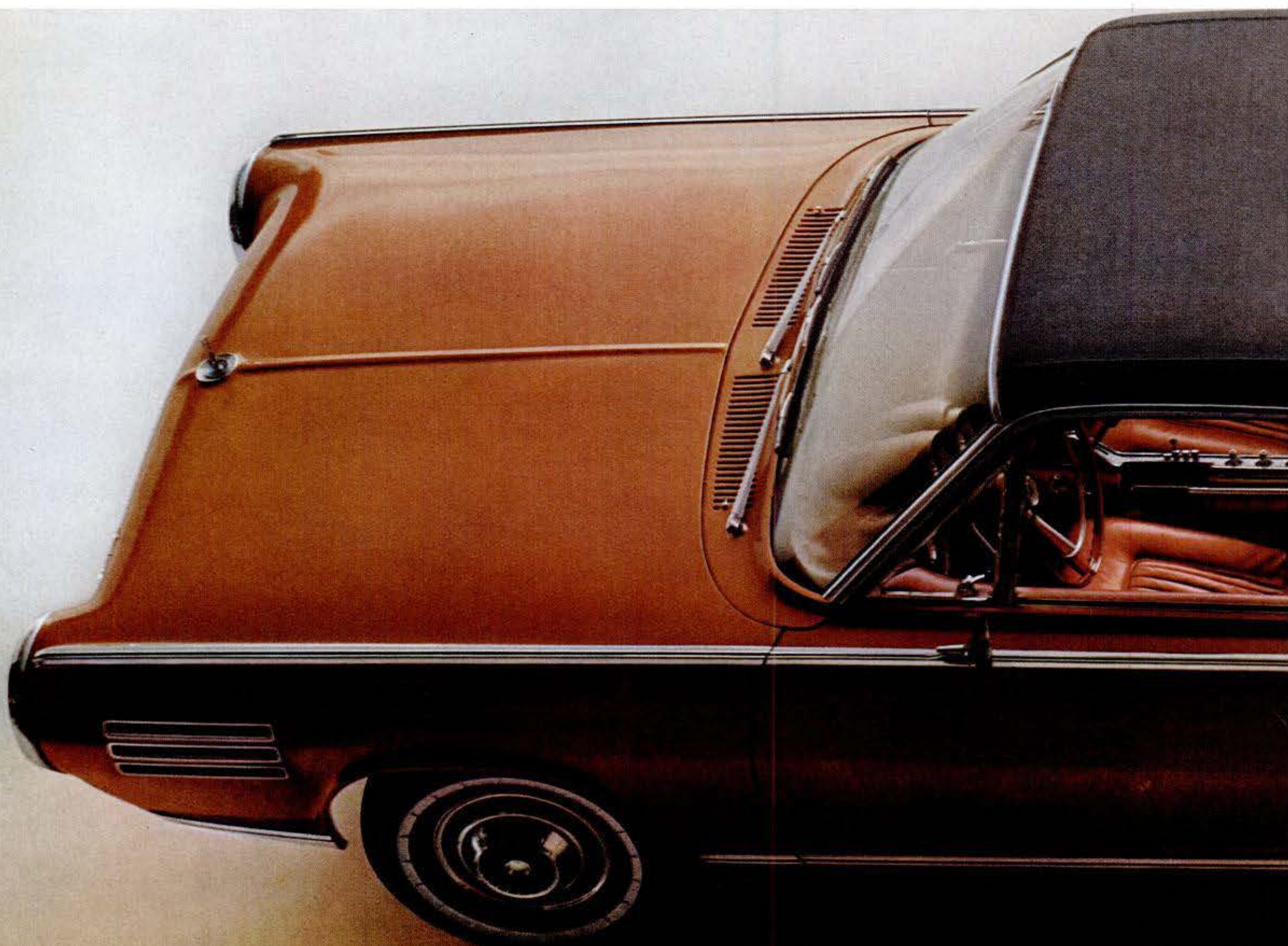
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Smoke "traveled" through fine tobacco tastes best. Pall Mall's famous length travels the smoke naturally...over, under, around and through the finest tobacco money can buy. Makes it mild...but does not filter out that satisfying flavor!

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This car has 1 spark plug. No pistons. No valves.

It is one of the Chrysler Corporation Turbine Cars being built for evaluation by a selected group of typical American motorists. Their reaction and continuing research will help to determine the future course of the automotive gas turbine engine.

Just a few years ago, it was questioned whether this stage in turbine car development could ever be reached. Some envisioned a turbine car as half car—half fuel tank, with a prohibitively expensive engine made of exotic materials. The car would be

sluggish, bulky, painfully noisy. Its exhaust would melt asphalt.

But Chrysler Corporation engineering proved this wrong.

Chrysler metallurgists developed inexpensive alloys—made of readily available, non-strategic materials—to handle the engine's "hot temper". And Chrysler engineers designed a car that performs as well or better than a conventional car with comparable horsepower—and gets as good mileage on its fuel. It runs equally well on diesel fuel, kerosene, unleaded gasoline,



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And it runs on a variety of fuels.

JP-4, or any mixture of them. It starts instantly, even at sub-zero. No warm-up. Virtually no friction, no vibration. Only a fifth the major parts of a piston engine. A cooler, cleaner exhaust. And an engine sound, pleasant and exciting.

Making a turbine car practical is yet another of the many challenges Chrysler Corporation is meeting, in its diversified activities as the 12th largest industrial company in America, confident in its strength and enthusiastic about its future.

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**CHRYSLER
CORPORATION**



Marvella welcomes pro-Bayh constituent Gordon St. Angelo, one of Indiana's district chairmen, under statue of Benjamin Franklin in the Capitol.


"When people from home come to Washington, we both drop everything to see as much of them as we can. If it hadn't been for their marvelous support, we'd have lost the election by 150,000 votes as the pollsters said we would, and we'd still be in Terre Haute."

CONTINUED



Taste what this wonderfully different steak sauce does for seafood

Because it dares to differ so completely from all other kinds of steak sauces, Heinz 57 Sauce can open a magic door to new goodness in *all manner of foods*, including fish.

- **Harbored in this rich, brown sauce** is the most agreeably tart, pungent flavor you've ever tasted. This is the result of Heinz distinctive blending of 17 choice ingredients gathered from all over the world. It has made Heinz 57 Sauce one of the most popular steak sauces for over half a century.
- **Try Heinz 57 Steak Sauce** on seafoods, as well as on your steaks, roasts and chops. You'll find it brings out wonderfully delicious hidden flavors you never before have noticed in these foods! 

'Bobby Kennedy Took Us House Hunting'

Marvella Bayh has all the political assets that an up-and-coming young senator could desire in a wife. She works like a happy stevedore, effervesces equally as hostess or guest and looks like a Big Ten homecoming queen. She also has that most endearing of all political attributes, a fondness for people — "all people," she says. "I like women's groups, men's groups and mixed groups, too."

Not that the people she encounters in Washington are what you would call just plain folks. "Everyone here is an interesting person in his own right, or else he wouldn't be here," she says. "When I think that I've been seated between Walter Lippmann and Teddy Kennedy, or next to Mrs. Dean Rusk, I still can't believe it isn't all a dream."

Washington has fully reciprocated Marvella's enthusiasms. "I thought the Democrats would be glad to see us," she says, "but I

had no idea how tremendous everyone, from the President on down, would be. I had felt quite timid about coming here. I was afraid I wouldn't fit in, and that I wouldn't know things I should know about protocol. It's really just like home though, only bigger."

But home never made such demands on her time, nor offered so many enticements. "Wherever I am I always have a hard time fitting in all the things I want to do," Marvella says. "That problem is very much magnified in the nation's capital. For every event we go to here there are three others I wish I could attend, too. Every day there are scheduled the sort of concerts and programs you'd go far out of your way to see if you lived anywhere else. Why, I haven't even had time yet to take a tour of the Capitol or go to the Smithsonian. I'd like to sit in on committee meetings and have more time to read, and I'd also like to have a day now and then to just sit around home in Bermuda shorts or slacks."

For all Marvella's enthusiasm, Washington requires some getting used to, especially for a self-styled country girl. "I'd never lived in a big city before this," she says. "I'd never been driving on these great big freeways. My worst worry was that I didn't know where to go for anything I needed, from a mouse-trap to a carpet."

But she soon discovered that Washington, for all its international flavor and big-city ways, can be a neighborly place. "We got some wonderful help house hunting," she says. "Bobby Kennedy drove us around one evening to see the various neighborhoods. What we wanted was a house with a lot of trees around, in a neighborhood we could afford. Many people seem to have the idea that all senators are independently wealthy. Some of them are, of course, but it just isn't the case with us. We live entirely on Birch's salary, \$22,500 a year. Considering all the trips a senator

has, that's not very much at all! But finally we found what we were looking for, right across the Potomac in McLean, Va. and we're very happily settled."

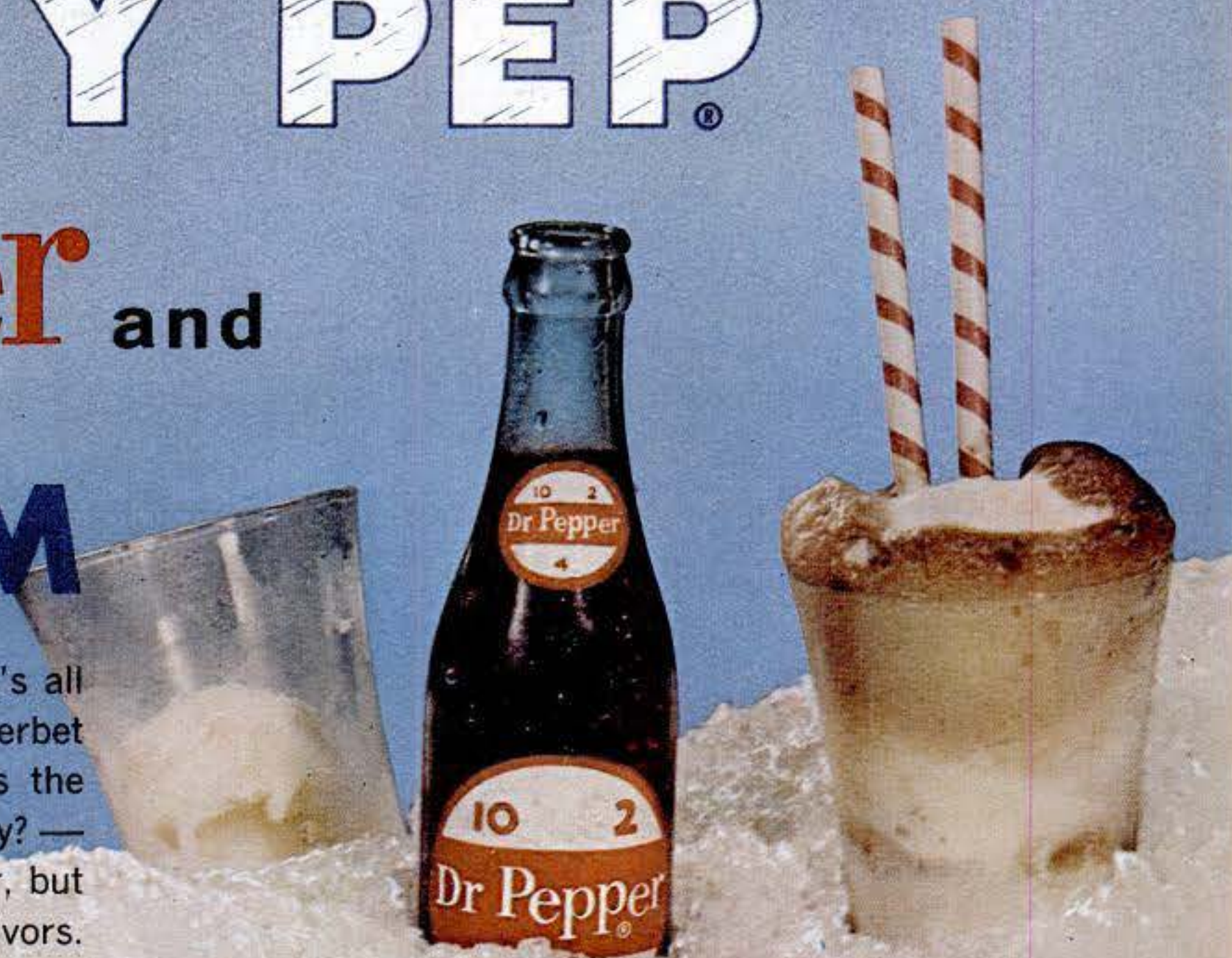
All through the election campaign in Indiana a problem perplexed the Bayhs and their 7-year-old son Birch Evan III. It was the matter of getting people to spell and pronounce their names correctly — and in Washington it is still with them. "We're always being introduced as Bert, Marcella and Kevin Bay," she says. "Our name is pronounced 'buy' — and Marvella, incidentally, is a modernized spelling of a Norwegian name in my family, 'Morvillan.'"

What of the future? "I have no ambition beyond the one that Birch has," she says. "That is for him to build up his seniority and be the best senator he possibly can so we all can stay in Washington."

JANE HOWARD

TRY FROSTY PEP. Dr Pepper and ICE CREAM

Dr Pepper and your favorite ice cream — that's all it takes. Put several scoops of ice cream or sherbet in a tall glass — add Dr Pepper — enjoy! It's the BEST soft drink-ice cream combination of all. Why? — because Dr Pepper is not a cola or a root beer, but a distinctively different blend of many fruit flavors. Serve it often, frosty cold or as a Frosty Pep.



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in spite of Heat, Wear, Blowouts and Punctures: new Goodyear Double Eagle with LifeGuard Safety Spare

LifeGuard, Double Eagle, Tufsyn, Vytacord, T.M.'s, The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron 16, Ohio

New Vytacord, available only in this new Double Eagle, gives added protection against heat, a tire's worst enemy. At today's high, hot turnpike speeds, tires made with Vytacord run cooler and are stronger than tires made with nylon or rayon.

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New — Widest tread made. With Tufsyn rubber. Wrap-around design, as it wears, puts more tread on the road. Outwears any other auto tire made. New radial whitewall pattern adds high styling to your car. Today's new Double Eagle is the finest tire man can make and money can buy.



Place your order now — new Double Eagle still in short supply.

GO

GOOD YEAR

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SPACEMAKER MODEL TC-479X

You don't have to search for frozen food—General Electric rolls it out to you.

The freezer section is a big drawer (a General Electric exclusive). It holds up to 5.8 cu. ft. of frozen food, including bulky packages, and rolls everything out in plain sight, within easy reach. Has juice-can rack; two sliding baskets.

You will never refill another ice tray. The tray refills all by itself, when you close the drawer. No more spilly trips from faucet to freezer. You can store

a big party supply of ice cubes at your fingertips—no stooping or hunting.

You will never defrost the freezer or the fresh-food section, either. Frost-Guard ends messy defrosting forever. There are seven different General Electric refrigerators with the exclusive Roll-out Freezer. Sizes from 13.6 cubic feet to the 18.8-cu.ft. Spacemaker Model TC-479X which is shown.



12-lb.-capacity washer has a separate washer—the MINI-BASKET*—to wash all the things you now do by hand: delicate things, last-minute loads, leftover loads. It's two washers in one: 12-pounder and MINI-BASKET. Filter-Flo® System works for both. Shown, Model WA-1050X.

By any measure... There is nothing just as good as General Electric



Americana* 63 range has 2 full ovens, yet is only 30 inches wide. Built-in 2-level exhaust system draws air into hood above upper oven, also through vents above cooktop. Sensi-temp* cooktop unit eliminates pot-watching. Engineered for easy cleaning. (Model J-795.)

*TRADEMARK OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, MAJOR APPLIANCE DIV., LOUISVILLE 1, KENTUCKY

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

Young Actress Shakes Off the Burden of Precocity



Transformation of Tuesday

Riding high in a Ferris wheel on a holiday, Actress Tuesday Weld enjoys—with her nieces—a facet of life long withheld from her by her own strange career and by a hybrid Hollywood life. She has now come to know the pleasure of being young while you're young. For most of her short life Tuesday has been far too old. Thrust into professional modeling at age 3 by an ambitious mother who also needed the money, Tuesday, at 14, had exploded into Hollywood as a Lolita-sized sex pot. Hollywood avidly abetted the image, casting her in such films as *Return to Peyton Place*

and *Bachelor Flat*, and she began to play the role off screen: she smoked, drank, dated actors three times her age, and proclaimed her favorite sport to be "shooting pool at a pool hall run for special delinquents." So precocious was Tuesday that Danny Kaye once remarked that she was "15 going on 27."

But now, on the brink of attaining the ripe old age of 20, Tuesday has suddenly undergone a startling transformation. She's begun to act 19 going on 12, and she seems to be loving all of the belated childhood she never had.

TUESDAY
CONTINUED



Tuesday and her 10-year-old niece, Jennifer Morris, draw beads with their water pistols during an outing at Palisades Amusement Park in New Jersey. Both turned out to be good marksmen.



On Staten Island ferry ride, Tuesday strides briskly around deck with another niece, Sarah Morris, 5, who demanded to be taken on the excursion because "you already took Jennifer two times and now it's my turn."

Entertaining both little girls at once, Tuesday waggles hand puppets in impromptu show in her Manhattan hotel. What the girls really liked was calling room service and having hamburgers sent up.



Scrub-a-dub-dub

Dial in the tub—so gentle for babies. So gentle in fact that a great many hospitals use Dial in their nurseries. As mild as that, and yet, the most effective deodorant soap you can buy. That's Dial.



Aren't you
glad you use
Dial Soap!



(don't you wish everybody did?)

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Super-Soft **Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**

TUESDAY CONTINUED



Back in California again, Tuesday wades on beach between shooting sessions of *Soldier in the Rain* with Steve McQueen and Jackie Gleason. At her

Malibu Beach house she now cherishes solitude, puts on two or three sweaters and an uncomfortably tight girdle, then walks for miles to "get in shape."

The Special K Breakfast that fits so many modern diets

built around the low-fat, protein cereal that tastes good, too

THE SPECIAL K BREAKFAST

4 ounces of orange or tomato juice
—or half a medium-size grapefruit

1 ounce (1½ cups) Special K
with 1 teaspoon sugar

4 ounces skim milk

Black coffee or tea

(Only 240 calories)

The Nutrition Story of Kellogg's Special K

One serving of Special K (1½ cups with ½ cup skim milk) supplies 14% of the recommended daily protein allowance for an adult man, and approximately these percentages of his minimum daily requirements as established by the Food & Drug Administration:

Thiamine (B ₁)	44%
Riboflavin (B ₂)	60%
Niacin	51%
Vitamin C	38%
Vitamin D	50%
Calcium	22%
Phosphorus	22%
Iron	36%



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The newer knowledge of food (and of food's effect on the body) is carefully reflected in the Special K Breakfast. This breakfast is built around a unique cereal food—Kellogg's Special K.

Those concerned about the amount and type of fat in their diets can enjoy the Special K Breakfast without a qualm. A serving of Special K (1½ cups) with 4 ounces of skim milk contains only 0.24 grams of fat. An insignificant amount.

Weight-conscious folks can take satisfaction in the fact that the Special K Menu totals no more than 240 calories. At the same

time, it provides the complete high-quality protein (and other nutrients) needed in the early morning to get going.

And finally, the modern dieter, besides recognizing that eating sensibly at breakfast is vital, also wants the foods chosen to be appetizing. To the taste, to the eye, in the mouth.

Special K is, indeed, a delicious cereal. Crisp and light, enjoyable week after week, month after month.

Doesn't the Special K Breakfast fit into your diet—or someone's in your family?

Kellogg's

"The best to you each morning"
SPECIAL K



Instant reward...

for wives who serve the one wonderful Instant that tastes like brewed tea. New Instant Tender Leaf Tea. All the flavor, all the fragrance of top young tea leaves brewed right in . . . it's 100% pure tea!



**100%
PURE
TEA**

No fillers.
Nothing
but
finest
tea!

Goodbye to the burlap nightgown

Despite their mutual patina of sophisticated maturity, Tuesday Weld and Hollywood were not quite old enough to cope with each other when they first met five years ago.

Tuesday, at almost-15, looked and felt far older than she was. She had already been a successful New York child model, occasional TV actress, and Broadway understudy who once got to play a part for a week (in *The Dark at the Top of the Stairs*). So she was totally unprepared for the beady-eyed scrutiny of sentinels of the California Board of Education, who double as welfare workers at movie studios to keep an eye on the intellectual and social development of working minors. "I fell," she recalls lugubriously, "into the hands of the Welfare people. In New York I could do what I wanted. But in California I couldn't drive anywhere. I couldn't even smoke—the Welfare people would come up and take the cigaret out of my mouth."

While gleefully greeting Tuesday as a girl who "from the rear looks like Jayne Mansfield's younger sister," Hollywood was scandalized when she began going around with 44-year-old actor John Ireland and when she turned up for a TV interview with bare feet and a dress which Louella Parsons described as a "burlap nightgown." Some people even objected to her name, a

lifelong nickname which she had legally adopted.

The rejuvenation of Tuesday began when she reached 18 and escaped from the surveillance of "welfare." Gradually she stopped fielding banal press queries with pseudo-sophisticated wisecracks: sample, "I don't bite my nails, I have someone come in and bite them for me." And somehow she decided that a girl her age might need some sleep nights. "I've decided," she now says, "that if you have to escape, sleep is the best way. You can't get hurt by going to sleep." She even demonstrated a dawning sense of unaffected humor when she picked up a stray dog in Hollywood and finding that he hated both the beach and the weather, named him Moh—for "miserable out here."

Her New York visit opened new juvenile vistas. Out with her nieces, she fell so in love with carnival bumper cars that she now longs for "a big house where I can put a bumper car system in the basement." Hollywood and Tuesday Weld being what they are, Tuesday will undoubtedly suffer relapses from her new-found childhood. But for the moment she says, "I'd rather be a child now than when I was one!"

Getting back to business to plan her upcoming film work, Tuesday dons Hollywood costume again.



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- ★ You'll like the way they wear and wash.

FARAH Slacks for all the men in your family

FARAH MANUFACTURING CO., INC. EL PASO, TEXAS



Saratoga's elegance a century ago was captured by the famous artist, Winslow Homer. "What women spend in dress," said an observer, "men spend on liquor and gambling."

The 100-Year



The track today retains the elegance it had 100 years ago and is still the center of Saratoga's social life. Spectators lunching on the mezzanine can see the races below.

A resort celebrates its florid past

Saratoga is as much a legend as it is a watering place—the most famous in America. For 100 flagrantly flamboyant years it has been a showcase where the egos of American tycoonery have been exhibited shamelessly and publicly. From the day the first fortunes were made in this country, every generation of millionaires has succumbed to Saratoga's lure. They came to Saratoga in August—not just to keep up with the Belmonts and Whitneys but to strut out in front of them.

This August, Saratoga celebrates the centennial of the beginning of its gaiety—a beginning which came at a most inappropriate time. One month after Gettysburg, with the Union Army sorely in need of horses, Saratoga opened its track for blue-blooded steeds. But Saratoga was never a place that conformed.

For the anniversary, the elm-shaded town in upper New York State bristles with bunting. The townspeople, whose ancestors passed down the art of profiting from wealthy visitors, have grown beards for the occasion, and this year's millionaires will help recapture some of Saratoga's hell-bent happenings by putting on a centennial ball at Canfield's, the great gambling casino where so much of the past unfolded.

Spree at Saratoga

Upper crust brought sin to the surface

by MARSHALL SMITH

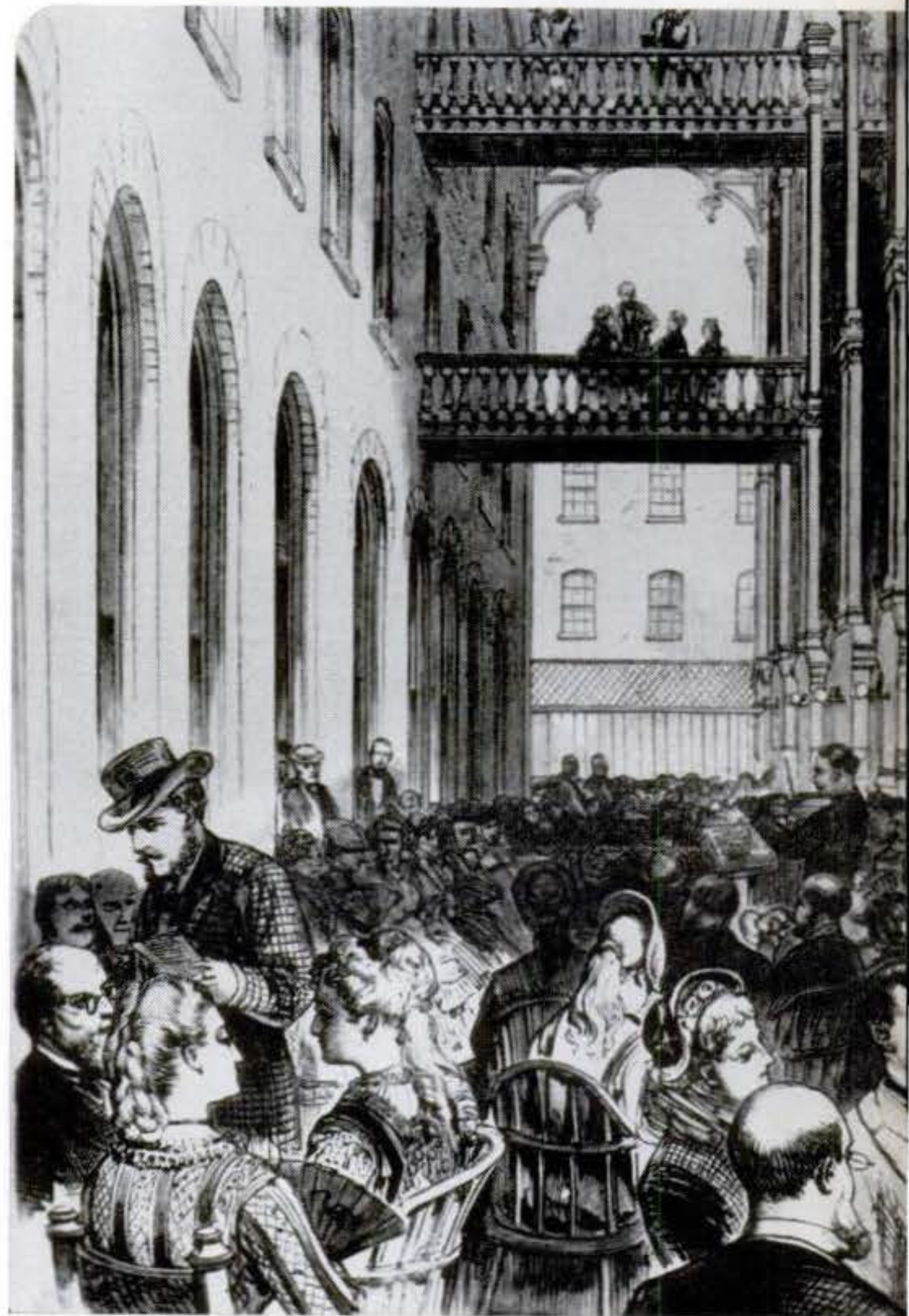
Old Smoke's real name was John Morrissey and Irishmen never have come any tougher. He had gorillalike arms and led a vicious gang of New York street brawlers called the Original Hounds. He was an eye-gouger, hired bully, bouncer in brothels and saloons, suspected burglar, election-fixer—and even-



Lillie Langtry, British actress of the 1880s, was a regular visitor to Saratoga. Once she caused a sensation there by showing up in shoes with lacquered red heels.



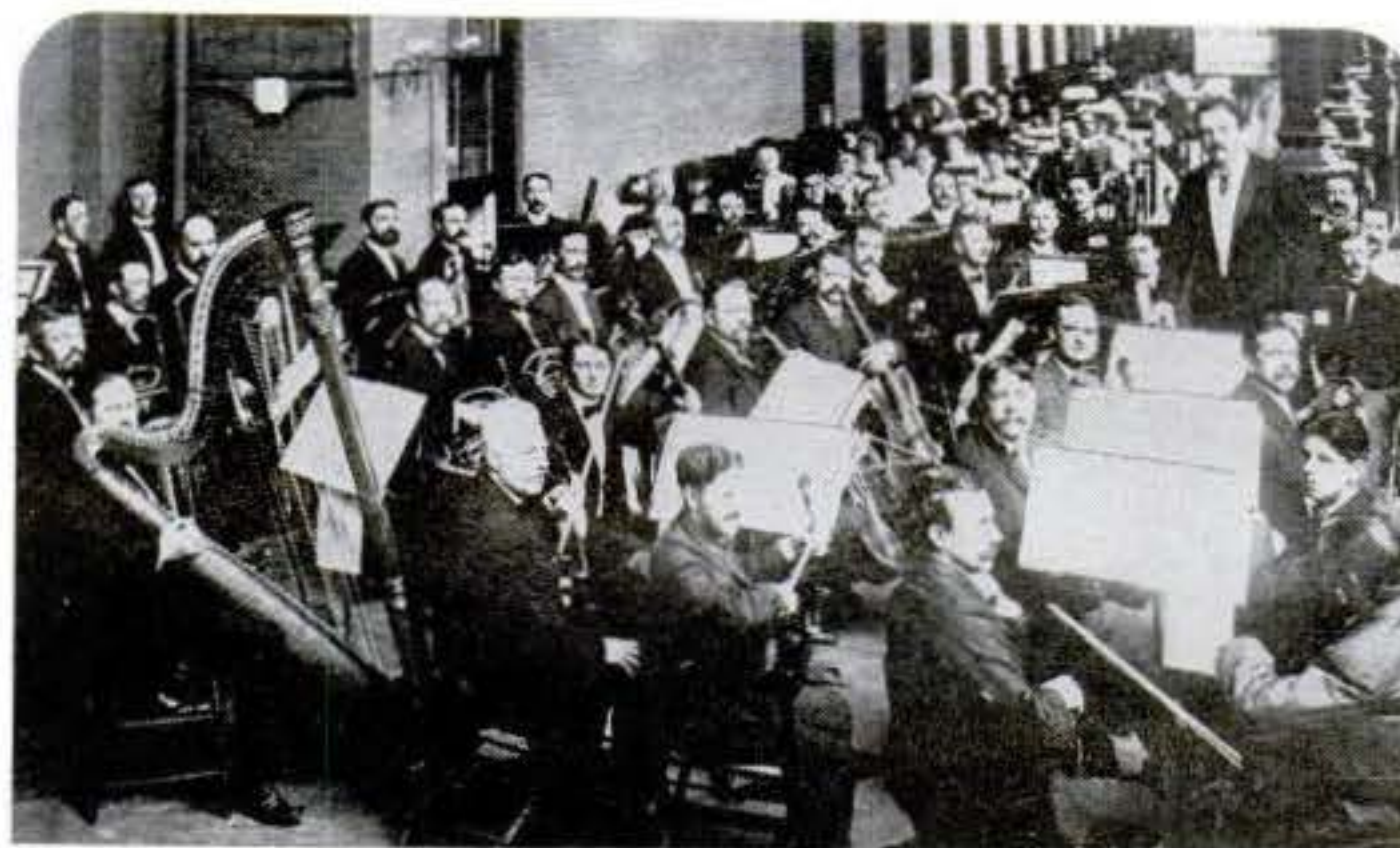
Lillian Russell, queen of U.S. stage, made Saratoga her August playground. She was usually seen with Diamond Jim Brady and a Japanese spaniel with an \$1,800 collar.



On veranda of the United States Hotel, the gentry nibbled ices, met their dates, fanned their diamonds and gaped to see if Jay Gould and J. P. Morgan looked as rich as they were.



Diamond Jim Brady, flashiest of Saratoga's regulars, once arrived with 27 Japanese houseboys and so many cigars that one houseboy went into business with the left-over cigars.



Victor Herbert, in 1902, gave daily concerts on porch of the Grand Union. Other famous conductors, among them John Philip Sousa, were paid huge fees to entertain.

When train came in carrying free-spending visitors, a bell clanged in the depot. It was the signal for horse-taxis and hotel porters to congregate there, eager to serve.



tually U.S. congressman. He was also heavyweight boxing champion of America under the London Prize Ring Rules. In 1861 Old Smoke, 30, came to Saratoga and opened the town's first big-time gambling hell.

His faro and chuck-a-luck games were honest after a fashion, not

because of any scruples on his part but because he planned to become a permanent Saratoga fixture. If he had searched the whole hemisphere over, he couldn't have made a happier selection. There was something special about Saratoga—already a famous summer resort—which dissipated caution and caused people

who congregated there to act like sailors on shore leave. The magic ingredient was the water.

Saratoga's water came in three strengths—digestive aid, mild laxative and action-within-15-minutes. But besides being cathartic it was invigorating and therapeutic. Gentle hypochondriacs had been stop-

ping off there since John Quincy Adams' day to sip the mineral waters and bathe in them. They were reliably reported to cure some species of dropsy, dyspepsia, some states of gout, old scorbutic ulcers, glandular disturbances, depraved appetite, tired blood and the after-effects of demon rum.

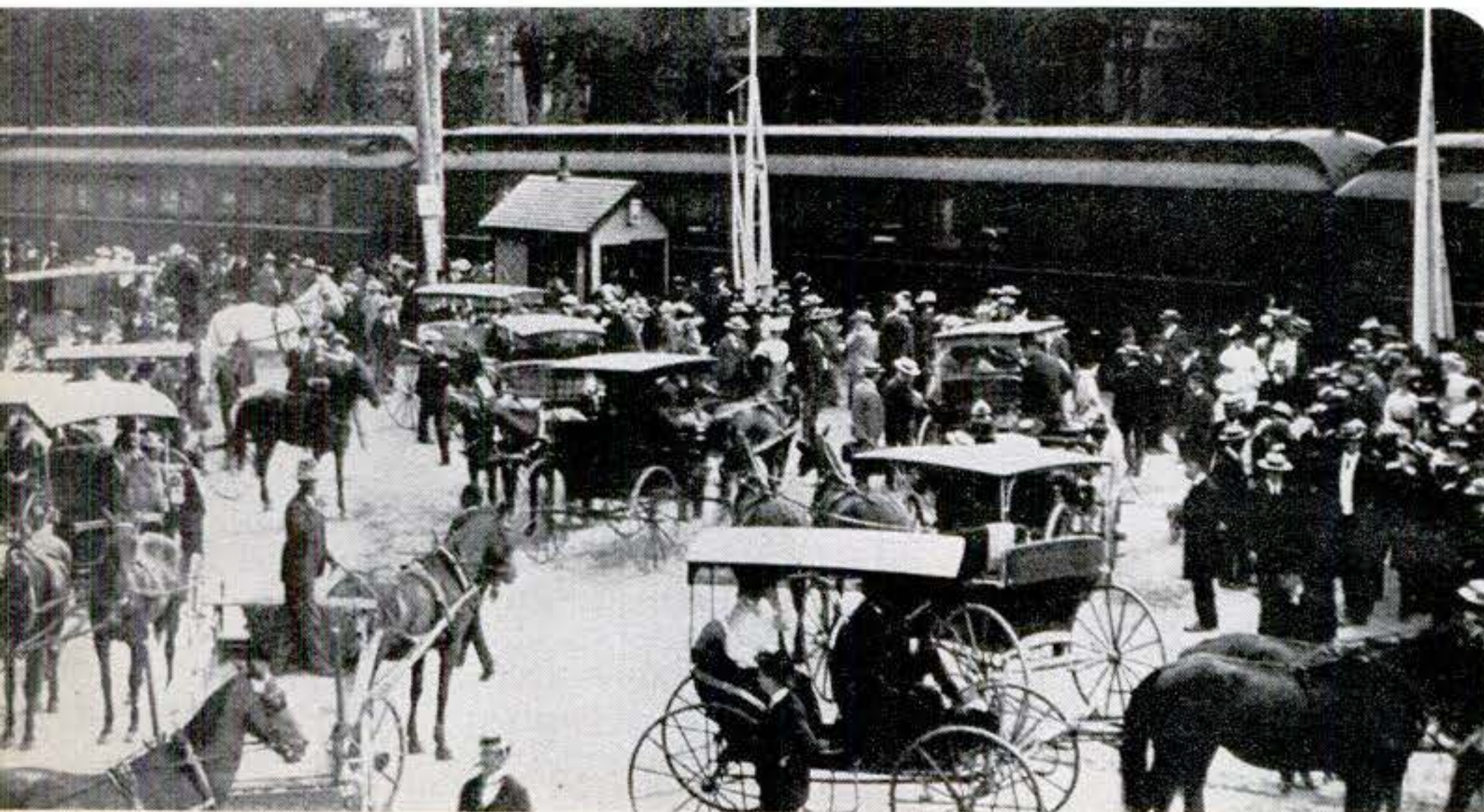
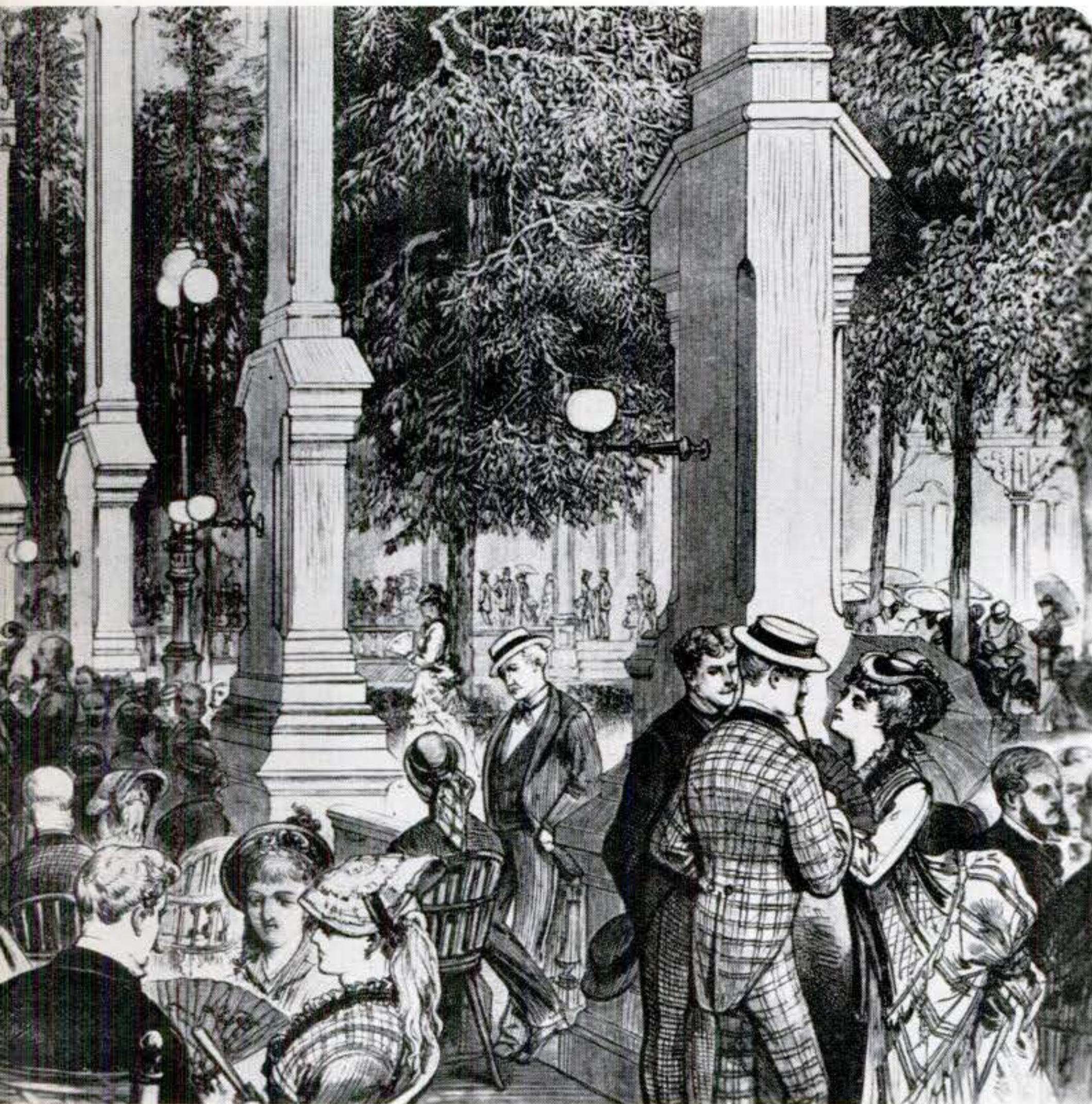
For 50 years before Old Smoke's coming, gambling in Saratoga had been done on a picayune scale, and mostly on the sly. Poker games had been played in back rooms by reckless southern planters and reputable gaming addicts like Henry Clay. But on the surface Saratoga was the essence of righteousness. It was a haven for the pious and the penitent. The guests who flocked to the hotels and boarding houses attended daily prayer meetings and Bible readings. Saratoga was headquarters for America's first temperance society. But then Old Smoke hit town, blew the whistle on righteousness and brought sin right to the surface.

His original gambling hell was only the beginning. Within two years he had built a horse track. When that proved too small and primitive, he built a larger, more elaborate one on the site where the Saratoga track still stands.

For some time Old Smoke had been hearing about the spa at Baden-Baden, in Germany, with its casino where Europe's royal rakes went to take the waters, squander fortunes and, in some cases, to shoot themselves. So he built The Club House, Saratoga's lavishly appointed answer to Baden-Baden. It cost \$190,000 and set the stage for what one enlightened critic called the "Augustan Age of American Clownery"—the 1870s, when a man's worth was measured by the size of his diamond stud.

The performers in the gaudy pageant were restless empire builders, newly enriched carpetbaggers returning from the Deep South and bonanza kings from the Far West. They beat a path to Saratoga in August—Saratoga was primarily a one-month town—in company with swaggering Tammany sachems and such pillars of America's new turf aristocracy as Financier August Belmont, and Commodore Vanderbilt, railroad tycoon. Wardrobes were so lavish that special hogheads called Saratoga trunks were invented to hold them. More important than clothes as a status symbol was being seen in a fancy tallyho, handling reins over four high-stepping horses.

John W. Steele, better known as



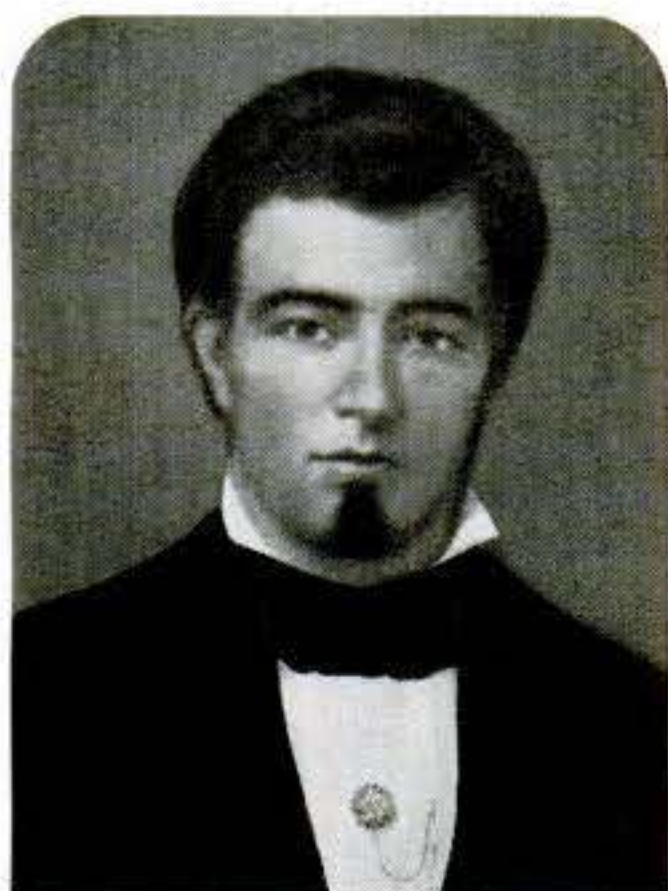
SARATOGA

CONTINUED

Coal Oil Johnny, was the first of the great Saratoga exhibitionists. One season a flashily uniformed Negro band followed him at 10 paces, playing *Coal Oil Johnny Was His Name*. Coal Oil Johnny's primary object was to rid himself of money faster than his Pennsylvania oil wells could bring it in. After losing \$10,000 to Old Smoke in one poker game, he tossed another \$10,000 on the table and invited everybody to stick around and help drink it up.

Old Smoke felt that things couldn't be better, but he missed seeing Saratoga's most spectacular spenders. In 1878, at the age of 47, he died of a stroke just before Lucky Baldwin, Diamond Jim Brady and "Bet-a-Million" Gates arrived on the scene.

Elias J. (Lucky) Baldwin, gambler, gold-hunter and owner of California's Santa Anita Ranch, announced that he was worth \$30 million and made sure that nobody forgot it. His carriage was fancier than the lobby of his famous Baldwin Hotel in San Francisco, which was said to be paved with gold pieces. No male other than himself—and only the prettiest females—were allowed to ride in it. Occasionally, because of the mighty demand to accompany him to the track, Baldwin limited his passengers to brunettes only, or blondes



Old Smoke, who started Saratoga's gambling swirl, became a dude after his early rowdy days. In shirt he sported his badge of success—a diamond that cost him \$5,000.

Richard Canfield, Saratoga's famed casino keeper, poses for only known photograph. James Whistler also painted his portrait but its whereabouts is unknown.

only, depending on his mood. No plunger was quicker to bet on a horse or less inclined to quibble about the figure, be it \$5,000 or \$50,000.

Saratoga's high life was by no means limited to gambling. Its madames of ill fame, Grace Sinclair and Hattie Adams, were a vital part of the one-month merry-go-round. They put themselves and their girls on lavish display in fancy carriages, complete with picture hats and pink parasols, and were eye-catching enough to pose a continuing problem. Saratoga's main bulwarks of respectability were its great hotels—the Clarendon, the United States and the Grand Union. To insure that no ladies of easy virtue passed the portals, all doors but one were padlocked after dark and a vigilant guard posted on the one left open.

While the merry-go-round spun on, righteousness was seething in the wings. In 1889 a wealthy Wall Streeter named Spencer Trask launched a crusade against gambling in his newspaper, the *Saratoga Union*. But when he printed a map blueprinting every gambling hall in town, the villagers rose to oppose this threat to their prosperity. Newsdealers refused to sell the paper and the reformer was routed.

The Gay '90s overshadowed anything before them and, as America's premier playground, Saratoga reflected the spirit of the times. Willie K. Vanderbilt came to Saratoga and, amusing himself while waiting for tardy dinner companions, dropped \$130,000 at roulette. "Bet-a-Million" Gates strode through the betting ring at the track, collecting his winnings in the only adequate receptacle, a large market basket.

Richard Canfield, prince of gamblers, bought Old Smoke's original club in 1894 and made it the most



famous of all U.S. gaming houses. A connoisseur of food and art, Canfield beautified The Club House with a \$200,000 Italian garden and hired a famous French chef to concoct America's most splendid food. He catered, among other things, to the Gargantuan tastes of Diamond Jim Brady.

A little man with an enormous stomach, Brady sometimes ate an entire leg of lamb at a single sitting. He sold railroad parts and at Saratoga he promoted his expansive image to an array of wealthy business prospects. It pleased him to wear diamonds and give them away, along with five-pound boxes of candy, to anyone who took his fancy. His constant companion at the races was Actress Lillian Russell and one season he created a sensation by giving her a gold-plated bicycle.

Though a big spender, Brady was not one of Saratoga's big gamblers. This reputation went to plungers like gray-bearded James R. Keene, who had made his first fortune in Nevada silver, and Marcus Daly, the Montana copper king, and John Sanford, whose carpet mills were only 28 miles from Saratoga. But nobody outdid William C. Whitney, traction magnate and first of the horse-owning Whitneys. One day, just to be nice, he called in a betting commissioner and explained that he wanted to bet \$100 on his horse, Goldsmith, for each of the many guests he had brought with him to Saratoga—and \$100 as well for each of the maids, waiters, clerks and bartenders who had served his party during its stay. The bet came to \$12,000 and, when Goldsmith won at 6-to-1, Whitney became the most toasted host in Saratoga.

The most compulsive of Saratoga's great gamblers was the barbed-wire king, John W. ("Bet-a-Million") Gates. One historic day he lost \$400,000 at the track and repaired to Canfield's to nurse his wounds. After dinner he began playing faro and by 10 o'clock had lost another \$150,000. At this point Gates asked Canfield if he would raise the limit and the soft-spoken proprietor replied, "How high would you like to go?" Gates said that he wanted it doubled and Canfield said, "Are you sure that's enough?" The game continued on through the night. At dawn Gates had gotten back the \$150,000 he had lost at faro and a goodly share of what he had dropped at the track.

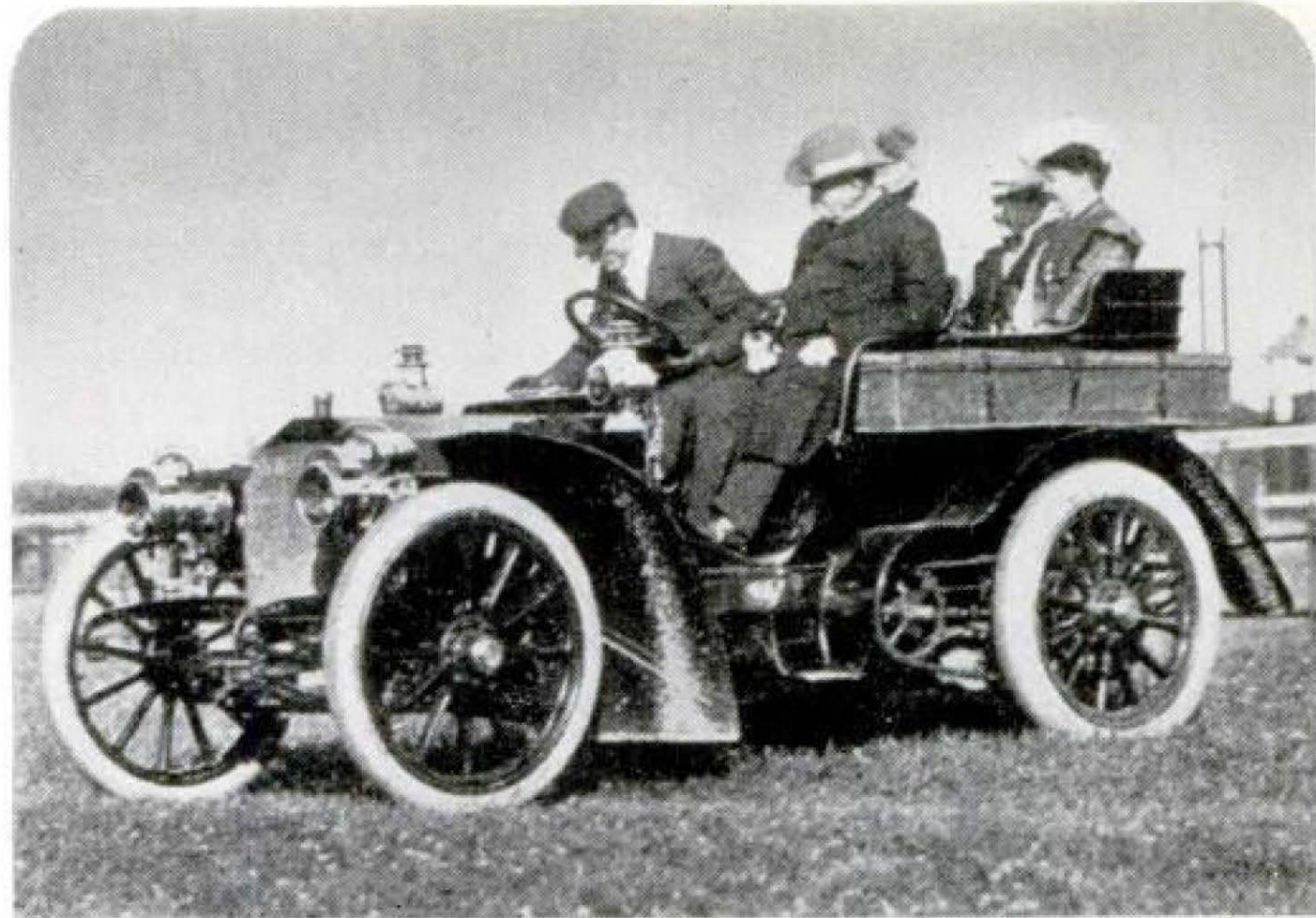
Not all famous visitors were high rollers. A whole bevy of impor-



tant Americans came, including ex-Presidents Grant (who wrote his memoirs on the outskirts of Saratoga and died there) and Hayes, and Presidents Harrison and Arthur. None of them ever set foot in a gambling hell. They came to enjoy Saratoga's natural charm, relish the cool nights, take the waters, picnic at the lake and listen to concerts conducted by John Philip Sousa and Victor Herbert.

Canfield was an honorable gambler and prospered. But a man named Gottfried Walbaum, also called Dutch Fred, had become owner and operator of the race track. Under his management the crooks took over and racing became so dishonest at Saratoga that the better stables would not race there. In 1901 William C. Whitney and a syndicate of wealthy sportsmen bought the track.

Everything about horseracing at Saratoga suddenly became gilt-edged. Owning a horse became a special passport to high society, just the way it was in England. The fact that one of Whitney's horses, Volodyovski, won the English Derby in 1901 gave his rehabilitation program a shot in the arm. The jubilant owner sent back word from England to buy champagne for everybody at the race track. When the wine wasn't chilled and served just right a new caterer, Harry M. Stevens, was hired—and Saratoga became the first track served by the famous Stevens organization, which today does business at tracks



The bookmakers, an integral part of Saratoga life for three quarters of a century, teeter on top of their stools to get a better view of the horses swinging into the stretch.

Bet-a-Million" Gates, biggest of plungers, arrived at the track in 1903 riding beside his chauffeur in a chain-driven Mercedes, a model popular with the horse-racing set.

and ball parks the nation over.

All social activity now revolved around the race course. The delightful practice of having 6 a.m. breakfast at the track while watching the horses gallop through the morning mists was instituted. It wasn't really breakfast because the diners were invariably in evening clothes and had been up all night gambling at Canfield's.

The breakfasters craved frog's legs and champagne. Frank and Joe Stevens, sons of the caterer, remember that they had trouble getting enough frogs to meet the demand. Whenever someone passed out from too much champagne, the head waiter discreetly put up a screen around him.

The emphasis on class extended even to the bookmakers. Their bond was their word. With great ones like Johnny Walters, it was something better. When William C. Whitney, one of his biggest clients, died in 1904, Walters went to Whitney's lawyer to settle an account which only he and the dead man knew about—and wrote a check to the Whitney estate for \$150,000.

A great reform wave swept the nation in the early 1900s, closing up race tracks and gambling houses everywhere. Canfield closed his house in 1907 and retired. Horse racing at Saratoga withstood the reformers for a time. It closed in 1911 but only for two years. When it opened again in 1913, the village turned out with a brass band to welcome the special train bringing bookmakers, their helpers and the

whole sportier end of Broadway back to Saratoga.

By now Saratoga's millionaires had a new look. They drove Stutz Bearcats instead of four-in-hands. But under the influence of Saratoga water they kept their predecessors' old addiction to high living and high betting. Harry Payne Whitney, son of William C., played tennis for \$10,000 a set, polo for even higher stakes—and once lost \$125,000 on a private wager to Charley Clark, son of the Colorado senator.

At night he and his brother, Payne Whitney, played poker with horse-owning friends for large stakes and, when betting money got tedious, they bet the horses they owned. It got quite complicated—calling a bet with a chestnut colt by Africander and raising with a bay filly by Caughnawaga, but that was half the fun of it. After playing all night they would go to the track for breakfast and swap around the horses they had won and lost.

The season's social highlight, superseded only by the races themselves, became the yearling sales—the auctioning of young, untried horses. When the sales began in 1917, the bids were low. But as the prices became fancier so did the attire of the bidders, who came wearing evening dress. The young horses they spent fortunes for arrived in town by train and one of Saratoga's sights was watching them being led, kicking and squealing, up Circular Street and out Union Avenue to the track. Every

year, a few would get loose and everybody would join in the chase.

With the '20s came posh new gambling casinos with names like Arrowhead and Piping Rock. In August the place jumped once again with theatrical celebrities—this time from Hollywood—and such new recruits to the horse society as Harry Sinclair, the oil baron. Sinclair sometimes bet as much as \$100,000 on one of his horses and one night, after losing \$48,000 at roulette, he made out a check for \$50,000—the extra \$2,000 as tips for the croupiers.

Both Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney came to Saratoga to expose themselves to the magic waters while training for championship fights and Joe E. Lewis, the comedian, hardly ever missed a season, betting horses by day and putting on shows in the gambling clubs by night. At dawn one morning, with a railroad engine letting off steam almost under his window at the United States Hotel, Lewis delivered one of the most long-lived lines in the history of humor, calling the desk clerk to ask, "What time does this room leave for Chicago?"

Saratoga became the summer headquarters for Nick the Greek, high-rolling successor to "Bet-a-Million" Gates, and for gambler Arnold Rothstein, who was later shot and killed after a poker game in New York. Rothstein made one of the turf's richest coups at Saratoga in the 1921 Travers Stakes by betting \$150,000 on a 3-to-1 horse he owned. But another time he dropped \$200,000 on a single bet.

The Great Depression of the 1930s did not greatly slow down Saratoga's pace. But an exciting element vanished when bookmakers, replaced by pari-mutuel machines, disappeared after 1939. The real blow was another reform wave called "Kefauver Fever" which shut down Saratoga's crap tables and roulette wheels in 1950.

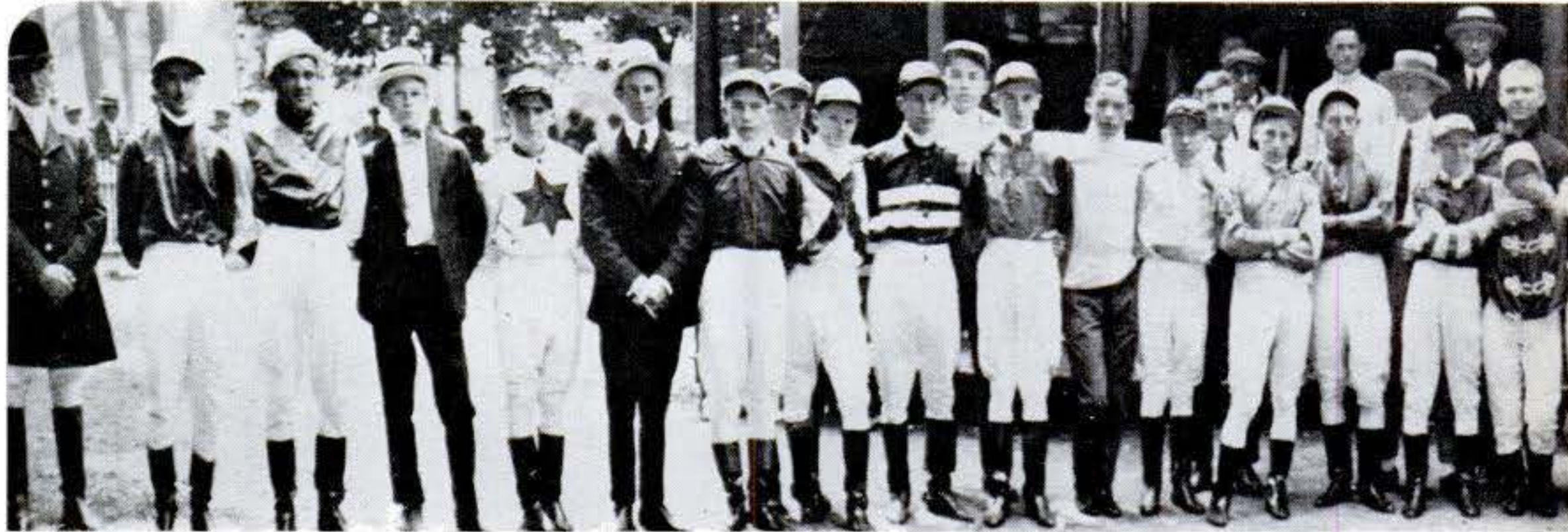
Eleven years ago the last of the great Saratoga hotels, the Grand Union, was torn down and replaced by a shopping center with a supermarket of the same name. Still left were Saratoga's indestructible charm, the race track and a hard core of incorrigible, wonderfully picturesque millionaires who wouldn't dream of being anywhere but Saratoga in August.

Saratoga hit bottom about six years ago and then, as always before, bounced back. A new crop of millionaires, led by C. W. Engelhard, the platinum king, took up the slack. Other affluent pilgrims bought or built massive "cottages" at Saratoga with multiple guest rooms. Among them were Mrs. Elizabeth Fleitas of Du Pont wealth and Mrs. Gene Markey, mistress of horse racing's famed Calumet Farm. The yearling sales came back bigger than ever. Last year Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, grandson of old William C., topped the list of spenders with \$180,500 for eight yearlings. That made news of special significance on the society and sports pages across the country: clearly, if one was extremely rich, Saratoga was once again the place to go.

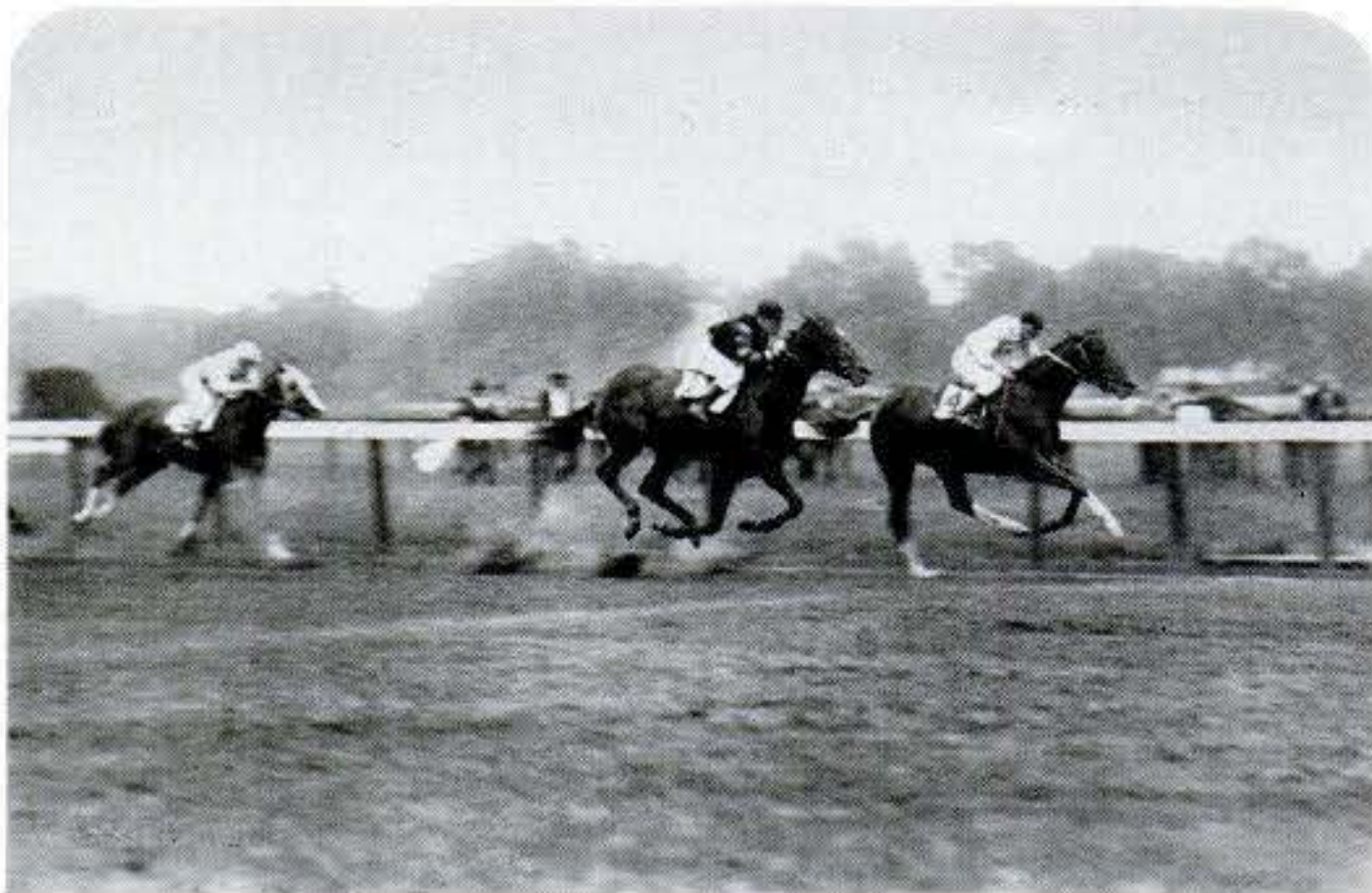
A lively company trod



William C. Whitney (top-hatted) took up the sport just to beat Wall Street rival James R. Keene. But he fell in love with racing and became its greatest U.S. sponsor.



America's top jockeys of 1919 line up in paddock at Saratoga. Red-Coat Murray, famous outrider, is at far left and Earl Sande, then only 20, at extreme right. Eleventh from



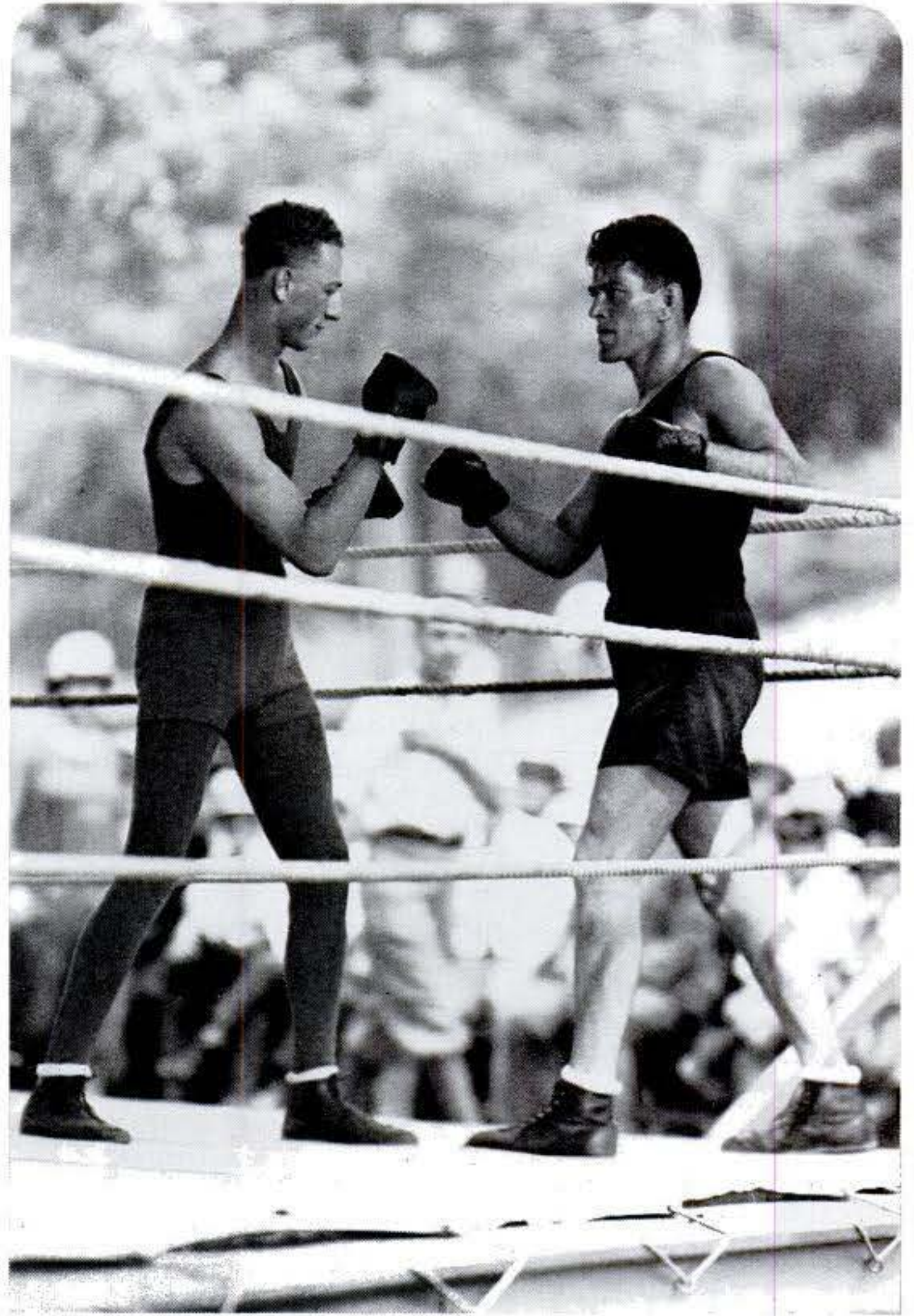
Man o' War, peer of horses, ran his most talked-about race at Saratoga in 1919. He was left at the post, encountered numerous other difficulties, finished second (above) to a rival named Upset in the only defeat of his career.



August Belmont, financier and famous racing zealot, escorts Mrs. John Sanford through Saratoga's paddock. Mrs. Sanford's parasol and ostrich feathers were standard equipment for visiting matrons of the early 1900s.



Herbert Bayard Swope, the famous newspaper editor who became chairman of New York State Racing Commission, strolls through the paddock with Mrs. Deering, whose costume dates the period as the 1920s.



Saratoga was a favorite training place for champions. They were impressed by the invigorating waters and rich ringsiders. Gene Tunney (right) trained nearby for his first Dempsey fight. Dempsey trained right in Saratoga at Luther's camp.

the extravagant stage



left is Buddy Ensor and four more to the right is S. Wida. Just right of center (with dark sash) is Laverne Fator, considered by many the greatest rider of all.

Tod Sloan, U.S. jockey who rode for the Prince of Wales, came to Saratoga in 1901 with two English valets, 10 trunks and checked into United States Hotel at \$125 a day.

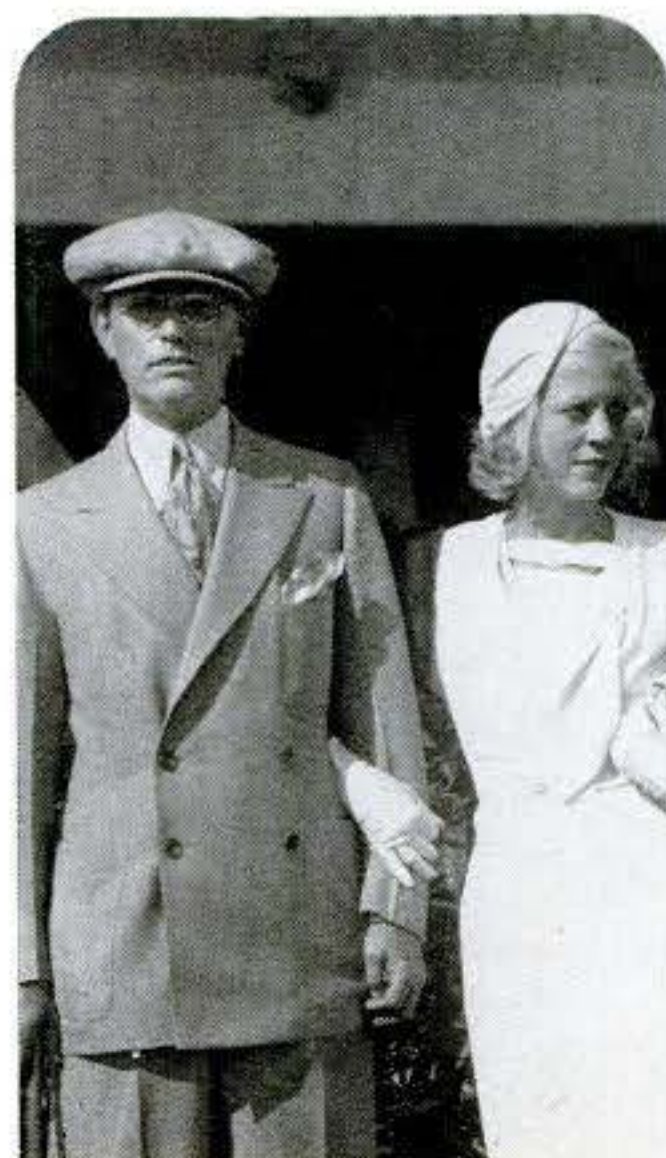


Horse owner and gambling-house operator E. R. Bradley (left) strides along with John Sanford, one of Saratoga's Old Guard. Sanford was a confirmed "chalk-eater," frequently playing the favorites and betting \$50,000 to win \$30,000.

Damon Runyon, at Saratoga with Mrs. Runyon, collected much of his material for his stories there. "Don't gamble," he would mumble after a costly session at the crap table. His favorite saying was "All horse players die broke."



Paul Whiteman and Bing Crosby swing through paddock with a friend. Whiteman had several horses named after him. Bing, who owned his own stable, came to play golf and the horses—and croon all night long at friends' parties for free.



Jimmy Walker, debonair mayor of New York, was a regular at Saratoga. After he left office, he came (above) with his wife, former actress Betty Compton. Jimmy made only small bets on the horses. Mostly he liked to socialize.



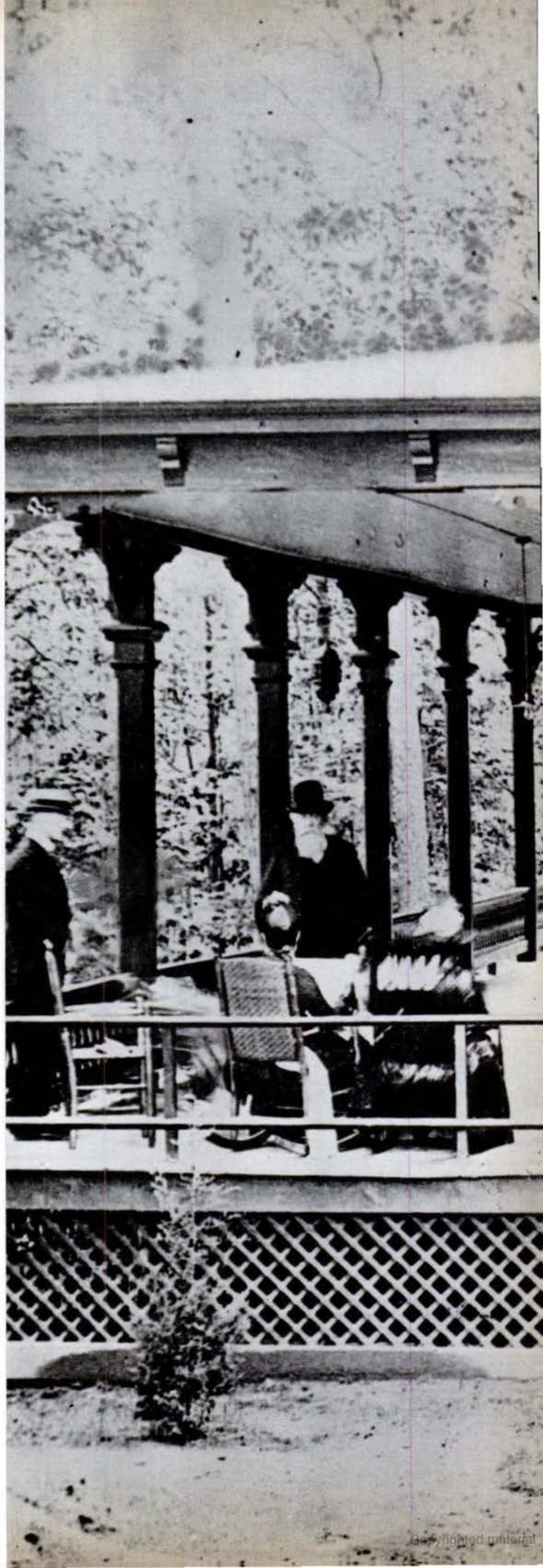
At 82, F. Ambrose Clark is a link to Saratoga's past. He first came there in the 1890s and until recently he still drove his red-wheeled gig down the avenues.

Great sight they saw, U.S. Grant



Mark Twain was one of Saratoga's most distinguished visitors in the 1880s. As publisher of Grant's memoirs he came to visit his star writer, made side trips to Saratoga to display his considerable skill at billiards.

All-time favorite of Saratoga sightseers was U.S. Grant, who stayed in a huge house at nearby Mt. McGregor. Daily excursions were made to view the great man on his front porch. This photograph was taken three days before he died in 1885.





Barnum of the

by PAUL
O'NEIL

Science is now so big, so flamboyant and so barnacled with politicians, press agents, generals and industrialists that Hugo Gernsback, who invented it back in 1908 (and has re-invented it, annually, since) can scarcely make himself heard above the babble of the late-comers. Although he is now 78, Gernsback is still a man of remarkable energy who raps out forecasts of future scientific wonders with the rapidity of a disintegrator gun. He believes that millions will eventually wear television eyeglasses—and has begun work on a model to speed the day. "Instant newspapers" will be printed in U.S. homes by electromagnetic waves, in his opinion, as soon as U.S. publishers wrench themselves out of the pit of stagnant thinking in which Gernsback feels they are wallowing at present. He also believes in the inevitability of teleportation—i.e., reproducing a ham sandwich at a distance by electronic means, much as images are now reproduced on a television screen.

Gernsback pays absolutely no attention, while issuing such pronouncements, to the fact that the public is rapidly becoming inured to scientific advance and that scientists themselves may not actually stand in need of his advice and counsel. He paid as little attention to the head-tapping some of his announcements set off in the 1920s—a period in which he was often considered nuttier than Albert Einstein himself.

Gernsback, in fact, has felt himself impelled to preach the gospel of science ever since his youth in Luxembourg—not so much, apparently, for the good of science as for his own satisfaction and the delights of seeing his name in the papers. In 55 years as a self-appointed missionary, he has stiffly ignored both the cackling of the heathen and the cries of competing apostles. Moreover, as founder, owner and guiding spirit of Gernsback Publications, Inc., a New York-based publishing enterprise which has produced a succession of scientific and technical books and magazines (among them *Amazing Stories*, the first science-fiction monthly), he has not only provided himself with a method of firing endless bar-

rages of opinion, criticism and augury but the means of making a good deal of money as well.

Neither Gernsback's instinct for the unorthodox, however, nor his unabashed sense of theater has prevented his full acceptance as a member of the scientific community. Dozens of today's top scientists were attracted to their calling by reading his magazines as boys, and a good many—including Dr. Donald H. Menzel, director of the Harvard Observatory—earned money for college tuition by writing for them. He is heralded as the "father" of modern science fiction (the statuettes which are annually awarded to its top writers are, in his honor, known as *Hugos*), but he is simultaneously a member of the American Physical Society and a lecturer before similar learned groups. The greatest inventors and scientists of the early 20th Century—among them Marconi, Edison, Tesla, Goddard, De Forest and Oberth—corresponded freely with him and came, in many cases, to admire and confide in him as well. The Space Age has caused no diminution of this cozy relationship with the great; RCA's General David Sarnoff is among his friends and pen pals, and so are former Atomic Energy Commissioner Lewis L. Strauss and President Kennedy's science adviser, Dr. Jerome Wiesner.

This admiration is solidly based. Gernsback, in his unique career, has not only done his best to prepare the public mind for the "wonders" of science but has sometimes managed to tell science itself just what wonders it was about to produce. For instance, he conceived the essential principles of radar aircraft detection in 1911—a year when the airplane itself was barely able to stagger off the ground. This early concept was so complete that Sir Robert Watson-Watt, whose radar tracking devices helped save London in the Battle of Britain, considers him the original inventor.

Gernsback not only coined the word "television" (he refuses to accept credit for that since he has discovered a Frenchman used an equivalent of the word a little earlier) but in 1928, as owner of New York's Radio Station WRNY, actually instituted daily telecasts with crude equipment. His list of successful scientific prophecies is almost endless and the perspicacity with which he has reported scien-

tific thinking on the part of others is remarkable. In the 1920s, to make the point, he was force-feeding his readers all sorts of crazy stuff about atomic energy and about the problems of weightlessness and orbital rendezvous to be encountered in "space flying."

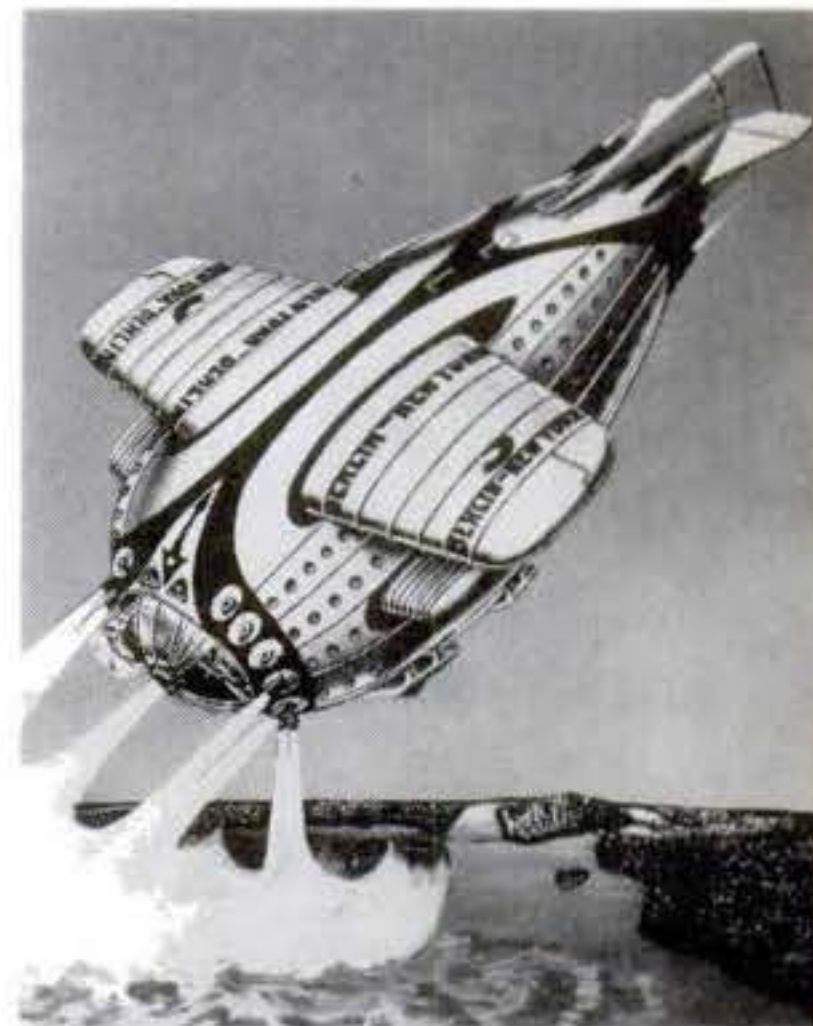
It is, therefore, difficult not to believe that U.S. science has been influenced in many ways as a result of Gernsback's extraordinary career in evangelism; certainly it has absorbed a flavor, unobtainable by any other means, simply through harboring him in its midst, like a peppercorn in a pudding, for a full half-century. The effect, however, would hardly have been achieved were it not for a certain duality in Gernsback's nature. While he is cuckoo for science and takes a Barnumlike joy in the bizarre (he is so proud of having invented a device for hearing through the teeth that he has listed it in *Who's Who*), he is also a man of real intellect in whose mind are mated astonishing scientific intuition, an instinct for command and a shrewd if exotic sense of business.

People who are only hazily aware of his background and accomplishments often expect to find him at a desk in a loft and dressed up like Thomas Alva Edison. They are almost uniformly taken aback when they meet him in person. Gernsback is a dude of the first order. He owns a vast collection of shirts and ties from Sulka and Charvet, uses a toilet water of splendid fragrance and wears suits reminiscent at once of Rome and Bond Street. He is an art collector, a world traveler and a connoisseur of champagnes. He not only speaks German, French, English and the patois of Luxembourg with equal facility, but does so in tones of ducal authority. He is at his most impressive in restaurants. He screws a monocle into one eye while inspecting menus and rejects wine which does not live up to his expectations as well as any food served on a plate which has not, in his opinion, been sufficiently warmed. If the subsequent offering does not please him, he sends that back, too. Gernsback's record of consecutive, one-sitting refusals now stands at three, for both food and wine.

He is perfectly capable of humor—he has, in fact, a genuine sense of comedy—but he habitually wears that grave and forbidding manner which was the hallmark of big-power diplomats before World War I. His effect on a listener who is only



1922 Last word in sunny vacation spots is a floating city.

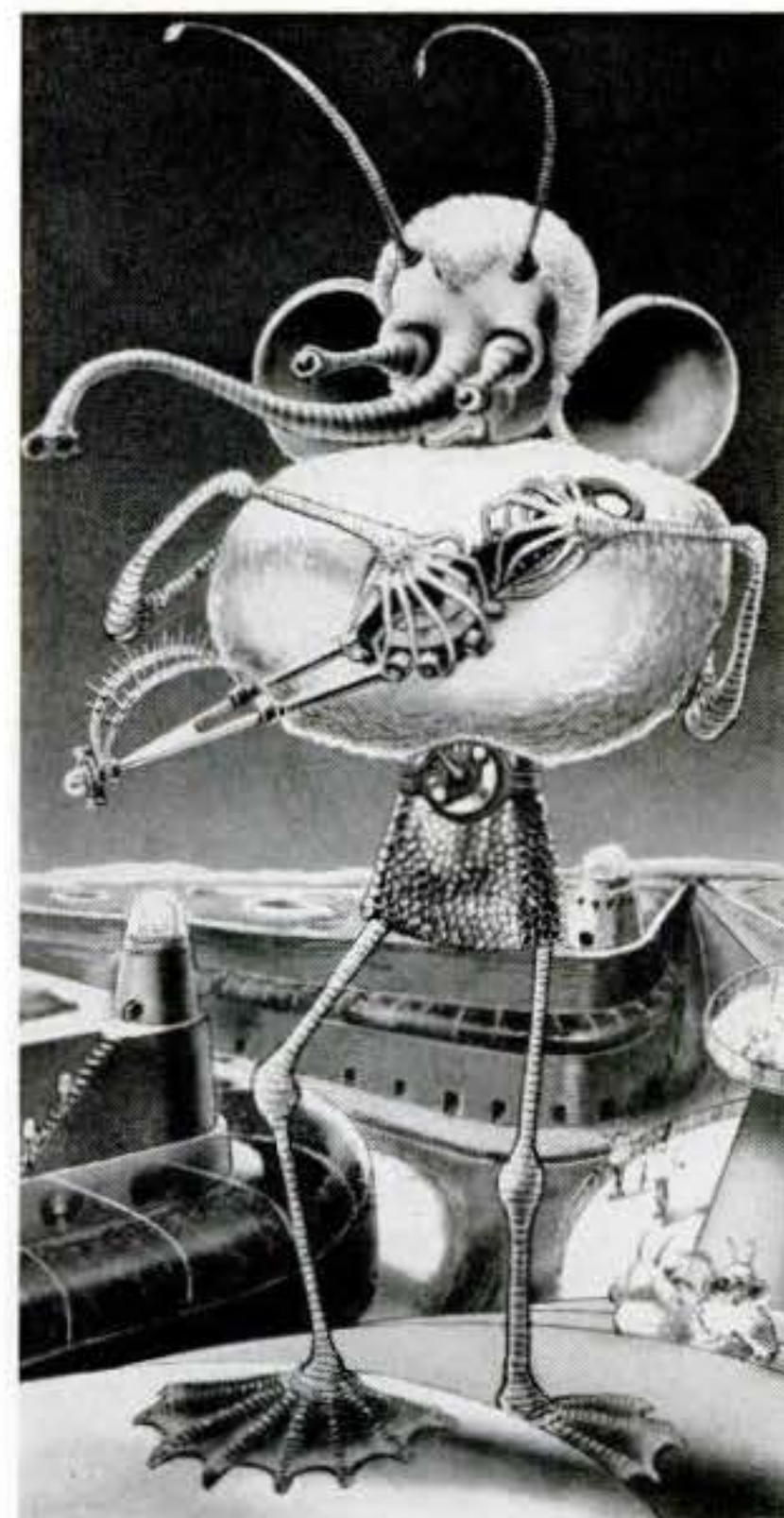
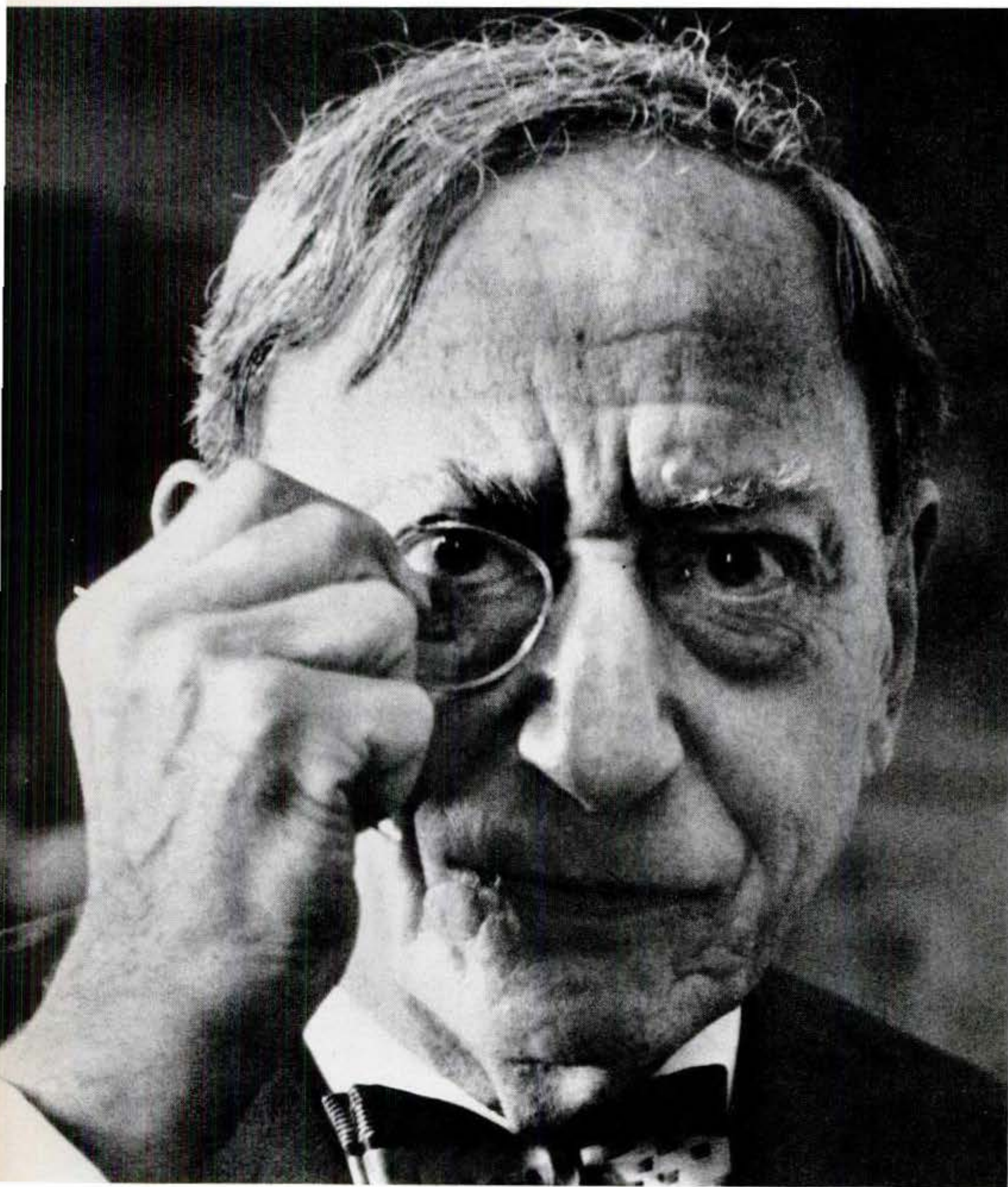


1931 Transatlantic flight in 20 minutes features retro-rockets.

1956 Blasting coffins into space eliminates cluttered graveyards.



Space Age

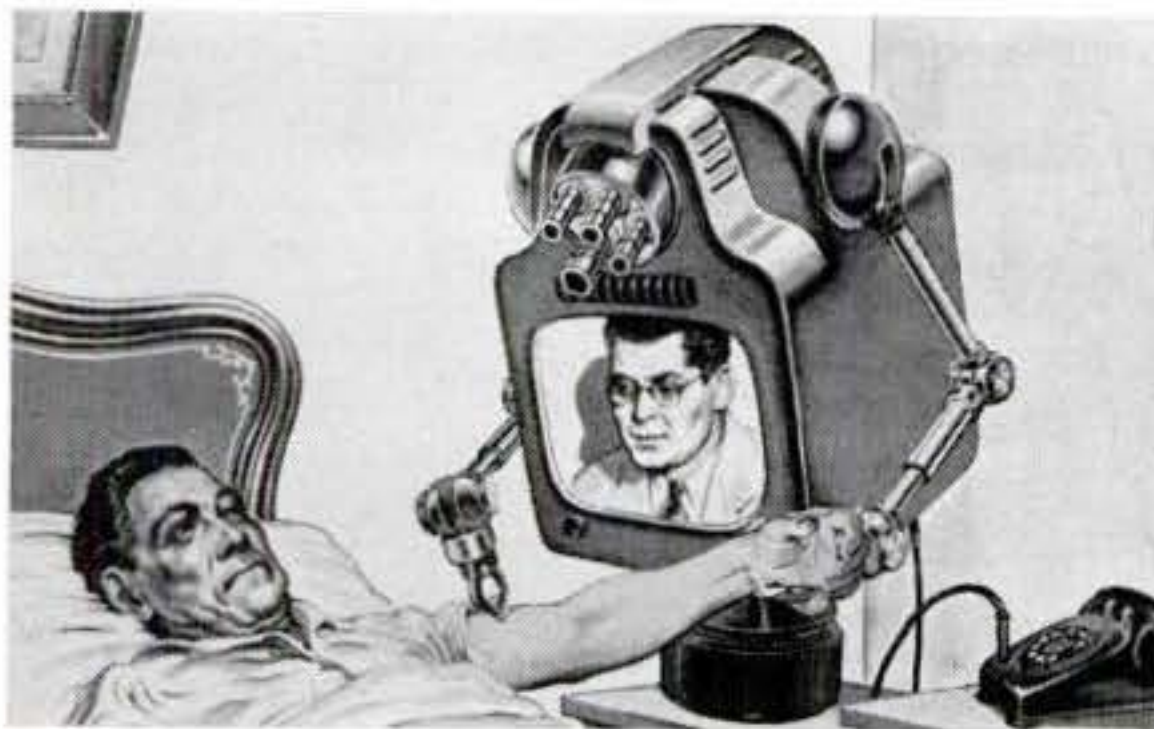


1924 Gernsback's Martian stresses adaptation to environment.



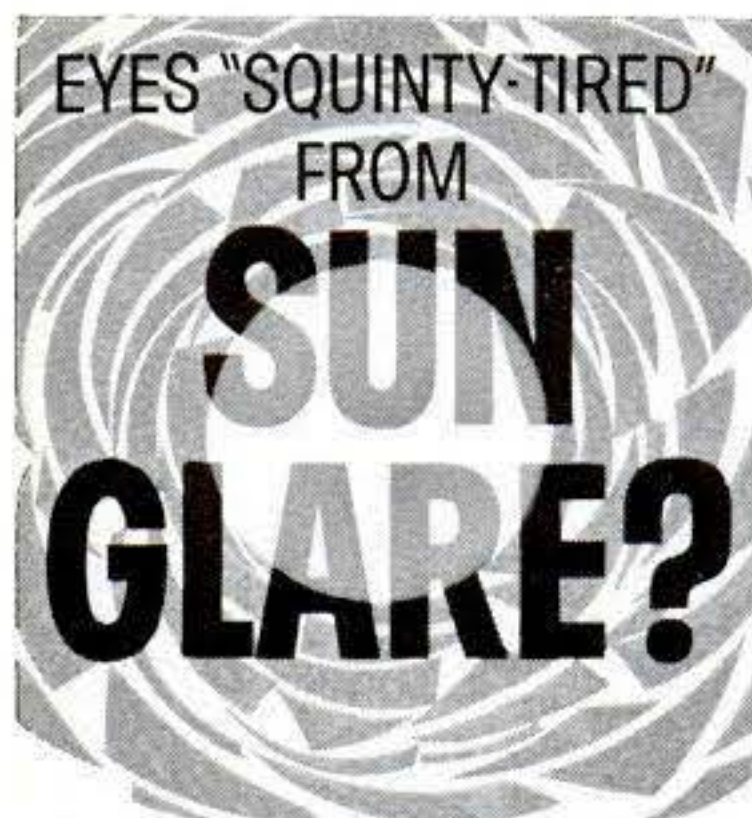
1929 Flying saucer takes home Woolworth Building as souvenir.

1951 Electronic mating analyzes course of true love in advance.



1954 Teledoctoring replaces inefficient house calls.

Surrounded by spectacular byproducts of his restless mind, most of which look a lot less far-fetched today than when he thought of them, Hugo Gernsback glares through his monocle with the penetrating stare of a man who can truly see into the future. The drawings, which illustrated articles in Gernsback's science magazines, are notable for their foresightedness—his 1931 spacecraft, for instance, used retro-rockets for descent. Their attention to scientific detail is scrupulous—the fanciful Martian's bizarre physique is thoughtfully adapted to the thin air and low gravity of his planet.



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A deep concern for sex and funerals

GERNSBACK

CONTINUED

gradually becoming aware of his dearer interests can be fascinating. Gernsback devotes a good deal of thought to sex (he publishes, among other works, a magazine entitled *Sexology*, which aims to present a scientific view of problems inherent in the reproductive processes). He also broods about funerals; he is against them, feels the world is gradually being converted into one huge graveyard, and has a plan for freezing corpses and firing them into space at speeds calculated to remove them, once and for all, from our planetary system. Gernsback delivers such monologues with epic gravity and assurance—with exactly the air, one cannot but suspect, which Bismarck wore in directing the Congress of Berlin.

Gernsback is a firm believer in the effects of environment and conditioning and feels that both his personality and his career were firmly shaped in early childhood. He was as bald as an egg until he was five years old and his father, a wealthy wholesaler of wines, hustled him all over Europe indignantly seeking a cure for this peculiarity. Gernsback eventually sprouted hair on his own, apparently out of simple boredom with travel, but not before concluding that he was, obviously, a very unusual fellow.

He was introduced to electricity, and thus, in a sense, to science at the same early age; his father's superintendent, one Jean Pierre Gögen, gave him a Leclanché wet battery, a piece of wire and an electric bell and showed him how to hook them up. When the bell began ringing amid a shower of "wonderful green sparks," Hugo instantly decided that he stood on the threshold of a career worthy of his mettle.

He wasted not a single moment in launching it. The boy sent off to Paris for battery-actuated telephones and six-volt light bulbs and, after electrifying the family estate to his satisfaction, began contracting for similar jobs in the neighborhood. Business success led, as it sometimes does, to vice; he carried every newly earned handful of francs to a poker game at Luxembourg's Grand Café and was cleaned out by his elders every time.

This involvement with the gaming tables ended, however, as soon as he read *Mars* by the American astronomer, Percival Lowell—a book which suggested that Earth's sister planet supported green vegetation and perhaps even higher forms of life. The prospect of sudden ma-

terial gain, he discovered, was not half so exciting as the idea that creatures like himself might inhabit distant worlds.

Gernsback was subjected to rigorous bouts of education; he attended a French grammar school in Luxembourg, moved on to a Brussels boarding school for instruction in languages and then studied mathematics and electrical engineering for three years at the Technikum in Bingen, Germany. He found time, nevertheless, to invent the "most powerful dry cell battery in the world"—a stack of zinc and carbon plates packaged in sal-ammoniac jelly which produced 375 amperes and would melt a piece of metal as thick as a pencil. He read Mark Twain too, listened to the music of John Philip Sousa and pored over comic books about the American "Wild West" which were popular in Germany at the time. In the process he fell in love with the U.S. and determined to invade and conquer it as soon as possible.

When his term of study at Bingen was done, he bought a first class ticket to Hoboken on the Hamburg American liner *Pennsylvania*, got himself a set of calling cards which identified him as "Huck" Gernsback, bundled up two models of the most powerful battery in the world, made a touch of \$100—his last—on the family exchequer and set out to seek his fortune in the new world. The year was 1904. He was 19. He spent \$20 for a silk hat on arrival in New York and, thus equipped, was able to discover that the big city, as he had anticipated, was an absolute pushover for a bright young man. He launched himself in business by remodeling his dry cell and talking the Packard Motor Car Co. into buying it for the ignition systems of their horseless carriages. In the meantime he founded a little mail-order house, the Electro Importing Company, and in three days of hard work designed a wireless sending and receiving set (the world's first home radio), which sold for just \$7.50 and caught the public fancy in a matter of months.

He was able to afford Victor Herbert musicals and dinners at Delmonico's from the beginning, and by 1910 needed 60 workmen and a factory on Fulton Street to satisfy the demand for his radio set and the wide variety of condensers, spark coils, tuners and other accessories his firm offered the amateur wireless telegrapher. When the U.S. government banned amateur transmission during World War I, he was stranded with \$100,000 worth of useless tools and useless parts, but extricated himself from

financial disaster by an inspired blend of craftiness and constructive thought. He dashed off a handbook of heady information on How To Make an Electric Fish ("One of the most mysterious tricks you can perform!") and How To Build a Wireless Telephone ("Show 'Ma' and 'Pa' how you can actually talk through a brick wall!") and with this publication on hand divided his heaps of contraband into "electric experimental kits" for boys. The kits sold like hot cakes at \$5 a throw—and made a profit of 400%.

This ability to dominate outrageous circumstance served to confirm a suspicion which Gernsback still nurses—that nothing could be "easier than becoming a millionaire many times over." Mere money-making bored him, however, and with honor satisfied and capital retrieved he sold the Electro Importing Company and launched himself wholeheartedly and for life as self-appointed front man, director, scenarist and prompter for the unfolding drama of science and invention.

It was a day when the physicist, the mathematician and even the astronomer went almost completely unsung; Gernsback was motivated, in the main, by a medicine-show barker's compulsion to yank them all out into the lamplight to the accompaniment of banjo music, whether they liked it or not, and to hold them up—not without certain mugging and cuff-shooting on his own part—before the wondering world.

He was well prepared to do so. His instinct for center stage and his bent for evangelism had already prompted him to found a little monthly magazine called *Modern Electrics* and he used it for a decade to thwack civilization onward toward destiny. Gernsback, for instance, was the first man to conclude that the power and wavelengths of radio stations would have to be regulated by the government to prevent anarchy on the airwaves. Thanks to the vigor with which he called this idea to congressional attention, one of his editorials on the subject was adopted, almost word for word, as the Wireless Act of 1912, thus initiating the whole present body of federal legislation on radio transmission. Also, and more significantly by far, he wrote a serial for *Modern Electrics* entitled *Ralph 124C 41+*, *Thrilling Adventures in the Year 2660*.

Ralph, which has been printed, reprinted and then translated into French, German and Russian during its 52 years, is still regarded with awe, and in some cases with active loathing, by science fiction writers, editors and fans. It is Gernsback's contention and that of his followers that genuine science fiction (it was Gernsback who coined the term) must be scientifically


CONTINUED

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An orbiting mirror to fry the enemy

GERNSBACK

CONTINUED

feasible in all regards or else it is mere fantasy. By this yardstick *Ralph* was the first major work of science fiction, and all that went before and a great deal which has followed is to be considered mere crabgrass in the lawn of verity. This stiff-necked insistence on scientific validity is known among dissenters in the trade as the "Gernsback Delusion."

To describe the book as a novel is stretching the definition of that word to the screech-point. It begins with the hero, Ralph 124C41+ (who possesses one of 10 gigantic minds on Planet Earth) rescuing beautiful Alice 212B423 from an avalanche, simply by turning up the juice in his Manhattan power mast and melting the Alpine snows with long-distance heat waves. The book's tone and dialogue are reminiscent of *Tom Swift and His Electric Runabout*, its plot is illogical and the level of writing to be encountered in it is, to quote the author himself, "simply awful."

All this, however, is only critical niggling. *Ralph 124C 41+* was whacked together simply as a vehicle for scientific prediction, and as such it is an astonishing performance. Gernsback's description of radar is probably the book's most brilliant stroke, but it also accurately prophesied advances in dozens of other new fields: fluorescent lighting, sky writing, plastics, automatic packaging machines, tape recorders, liquid fertilizer, stainless steel, loudspeakers, night baseball, microfilm, synthetic fabrics and even flying saucers.

A great many attitudes about science which were held in the U.S. during the 1920s, '30s, '40s and even throughout the early 1950s stemmed, if only subconsciously, from science fiction and it is difficult not to feel that they all had their beginnings in *Ralph 124C 41+* and in Gernsback's unbridled enthusiasm for the medium. It would doubtless be incorrect to suggest that Buck Rogers, motion picture space queens and box-top disintegrator guns would not have evolved without him, but all of them in fact germinated in a thick mulch of Martians, space ships, galactic empires and robots which Gernsback troweled into his early magazines.

In his decades of attempting to gauge the public temper and captivate, instruct and occasionally browbeat the public mind, Gernsback has never hesitated to kill going magazines and to found new

ones. Over the years, as a result, he has published literally dozens of them—including, at one point, a monthly called *Cocoon-Nuts* devoted to translating well-known sayings and clichés into funny illustrations. Most of his publications, however, have been technical by nature. In the beginning he leavened them continually with tales of space ships and distant worlds. But in 1926 he founded *Amazing Stories*, the first magazine devoted entirely to what he then described as "scientifiction" and the one which—simply by succeeding and fostering imitators—popularized the form and thus, in its own hyperthyroid fashion, forecast the fantastic realities of the Space Age.

It is doubtful that any single scientific work has so influenced science fiction—although this was not Gernsback's purpose in buying and publishing it—as a three-part article entitled "The Problems of Space Flying" which he ran in *Science Wonder Stories* in 1929. Very few Americans are aware, even today, that basic concepts of space travel now being applied by the U.S. and the Soviet Union were worked out in detail by a German scientist named Hermann Oberth during the 1920s. Gernsback, as a prodigious reader of German scientific publications, followed his career with vast excitement and managed to talk one of the physicist's disciples into writing a long dissertation on the master's concepts.

"The Problems of Space Flying" begins with a discussion of weightlessness—assuring the reader that humans can endure it for long periods, though at the risk of atrophy of important muscle systems in the body. It describes the behavior of liquids during free fall and suggests—since water escaping from a bottle would float about in spherical form—that food and drink be served in squeeze packages. It discusses orbital rendezvous, methods of building a space station and giving it an artificial gravity, the need of reflective surface painting to heat and cool space vehicles, and the means of generating electricity from solar heat. It describes space suits, problems of re-entry into the earth's atmosphere, methods of celestial navigation, time tables for trips to the nearer planets (Venus, 146 days; Mars, 235), and the advantages to be derived from placing fuel depots and launching stations on the moon.

It does not overlook the civil and military benefits which could accrue to a nation with a strong position in space. Oberth strongly advocated construction of an orbital mirror 60 miles in diameter.

CONTINUED

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Amazing capacity at an amazing price! Big all-in-one-unit beauty — full 14.6 cubic ft. capacity, including freezer that stores 171 lbs. of frozen food. Refrigerator features 20.8 sq. ft. of adjustable shelf area. . . . Deep Door Storage, 2 Egg Trays. Two Freezer Door Shelves. Silent, efficient Jet Stream No-Frost Cooling means no messy cleaning, no "locked-in" ice trays, no prying apart of frozen packages! Sparkling snowflake design accentuates smart exterior. Regularly \$399.95, now only **\$299⁸⁸**



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Big, handsome unit loaded with features! 14.16 cu. ft. fresh-food compartment; 50-lb. capacity in freezer locker. 2 Egg Trays, 3 full-width door shelves.



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A 2-in-1 favorite! 8.87 cu. ft. no frost refrigerator section plus a separate 10.27 cu. ft. freezer which holds 389 lbs. of frozen food. See-thru Salad Bar, many deluxe features.

BIG SAVINGS NOW ON THESE OTHER MODELS, TOO!



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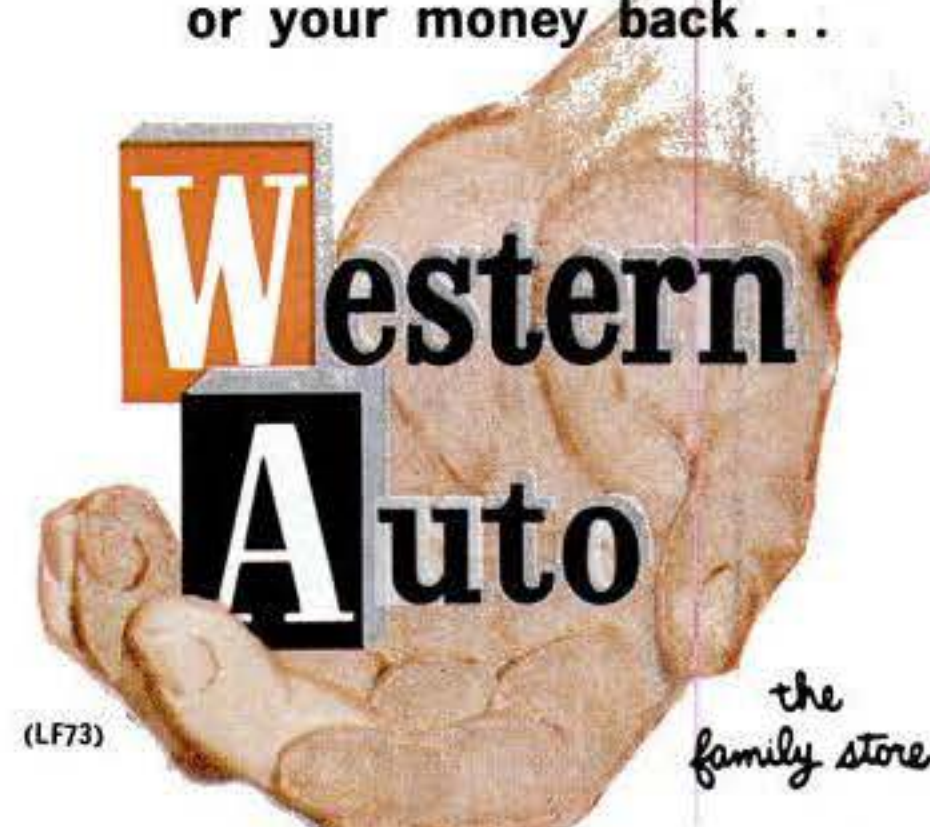
Family-size, 2-door refrigerator-freezer now costs less than many single door units! Holds 104 lbs. frozen food. Refrigerator defrosts automatically. Deep Door Storage, 2 Egg Trays, Full-width Crisper has big 30-quart capacity.



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Roomy inside . . . space saver outside! Full-width freezer holds 37 lbs. of food. 12-lb. meat keeper. 3 full-width refrigerator shelves give nearly 14 sq. ft. storage. Two egg trays and convenient shelves in the door for extra storage.

Offering outstanding values with satisfaction guaranteed or your money back . . .



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WIZARD DEPENDABILITY HAS BEEN PROVEN IN NEARLY 2 MILLION HOMES!

This device, with a surface composed of thousands of movable, shutterlike panels, would by his calculations have needed 15 years of work and the expenditure of \$750 million for development. But the nation which owned it, he predicted, could control sunlight, and therefore weather, could eliminate night over big areas of countryside and also, with a few quick adjustments, burn its enemies to a crisp.

Gernsback dealt severely in his own articles with those who he felt were scientific pretenders. He looked with doubt on famed H. Grindell Matthews for "claiming" to have invented a death ray, noting acidly that "the possibility of Matthews having discovered a ray not known to the editor of this magazine is *very slight*." On the other hand, he allowed his imagination, and that of others, full swing, if he felt there was the slightest basis in fact to support a scientific premise. He was delighted, in 1920, to quote England's Sir Oliver Lodge on the "prodigious forces" inherent in the atom—"there is enough energy in one ounce of coal to raise the German fleet from the bottom of Scapa Flow and pile it on the Scottish mountains." He was, and still is, fascinated by the idea of gravity-nullifying devices and ran a flamboyant full-page drawing of a "city the size of New York" floating, apparently on a large platter, high above the earth "where the air is purer and free of disease-carrying bacteria."

His childhood enchantment with Mars left him with an enormous, sentimental regard for that planet and he has felt a constant compulsion to get in touch with it. As early as 1909 he advocated hooking all the wireless stations in the U.S. to one central key located in Lincoln, Neb. and sending a super signal to alert the Martians—a race of beings he seemed to feel ought to exist even if they didn't—to Earth's interest in them. Eleven years later he published the details of another plan: blinking code messages into space with a battery of 1,000 powerful searchlights. He also invented a Martian—a tall, skinny, birdlike creature—who has been copied by cartoonists and illustrators ever since.

Gernsback's Martian has long since served his purpose—to startle and stir people who thought of Mars only as a remote point of red light in the eastern sky—and now he must be considered as extinct as the moon maidens and long-bearded Venusian seers who were his com-

panions on the pages of forgotten pulp magazines. Time has eroded the stuff of many another Gernsback prophecy and has taken many a scientist whose career he tracked and dramatized. Lee De Forest, who shopped at the Electro Importing Company for materials with which he developed the vacuum tube, is long gone. So is the great Nikola Tesla, who gave the world alternating current and wore shoes with wooden pegs because of his fear of it. The death mask of Tesla which Gernsback commissioned and now keeps in his office is the sole monument raised to the electrical genius in the U.S. Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey, with whom Gernsback collaborated and broke bread in the early 1950s, is, too, only a name.

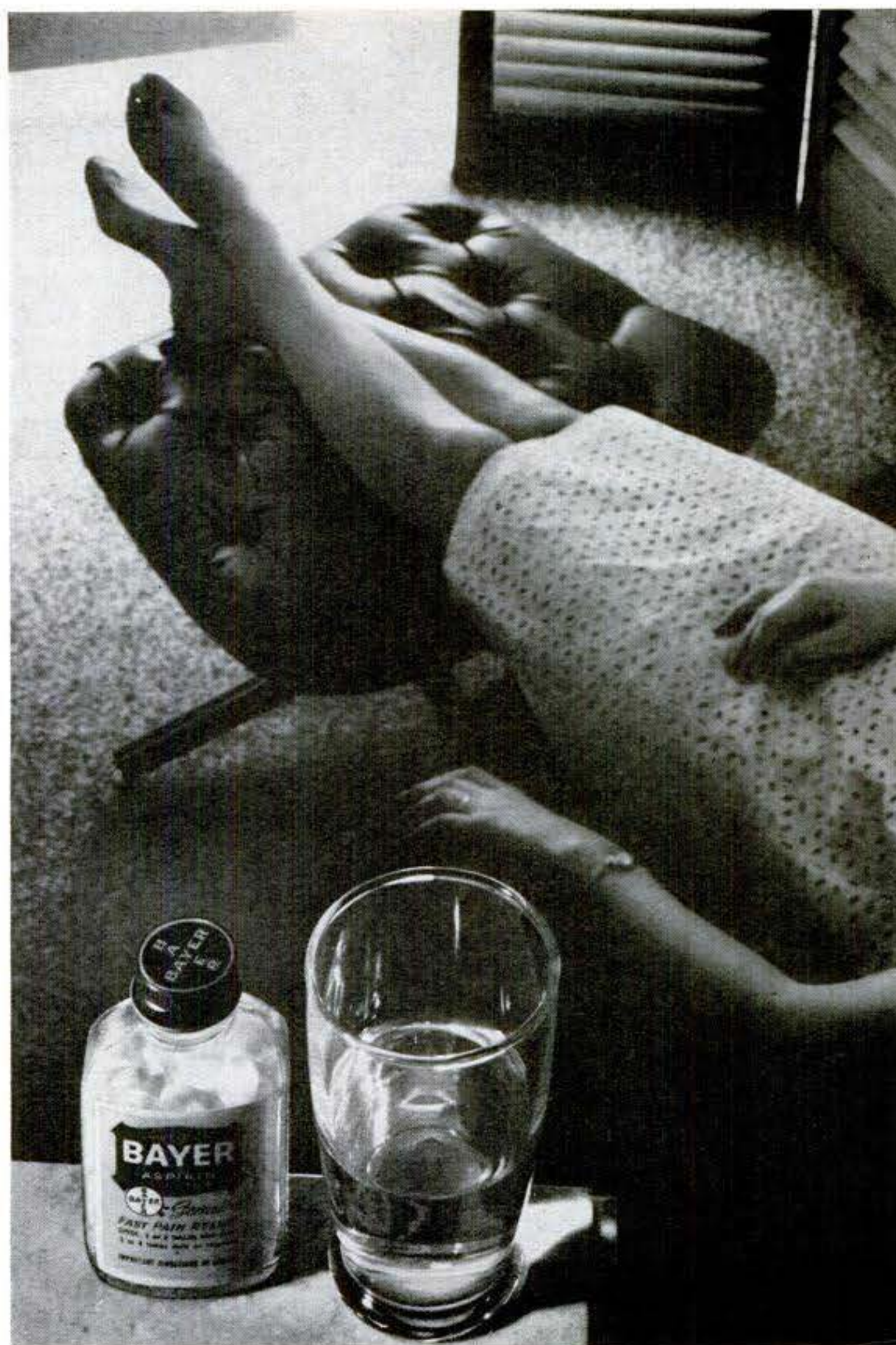
The considerable list of Gernsback's own inventions sounds quaint and archaic—the "Radiotrol" (first radio console with a loop aerial), the "Staccotone" (a radio piano), several obscure types of electronic circuitry and the "Osophone" (his bone-conduction hearing aid—which unfortunately helped only those willing to walk around with a microphone in one hand and a hard rubber mouthpiece between their teeth).

The tele-numbered 1960s make his laborious, excited and splendidly bull-headed 1928 telecasting seem more archaic yet. The device by which Station WRNY emitted its primitive video signals—a whirling, perforated "scanning disc" hooked to a set of photoelectric cells—produced a picture only one and a half inches square. Programs simply showed the head and shoulders of a singer, a speaker or a doll which was sometimes used as a substitute subject. They could be received in all New York by only a dozen or so rabid "experimenters" who had built similar disc machines from instructions in one of Gernsback's own magazines, *Radio News*. But those telecasts dramatized his own tenacity more pointedly than the process dramatized the inevitability of images by wireless.

Television constitutes but one stream in the flood of innovation which recently has threatened to wash Gernsback out of existence; the whole of science, in fact, has risen and gone roaring past him since the discovery of nuclear fission and the beginnings of the space race, and the placid little backwaters which he breasted as a young man have been lost forever beneath the torrent. He seems delighted by the whole phenomenon. "My only reaction is this," he says—"What took them so long?" But he still works at his self-appointed

CONTINUED

A lifelong love affair with Mars



The most important minutes of your summer day

When hot weather makes you feel tense, irritable, headachy, two Bayer Aspirin and a short rest can help you feel better fast!

It happens to most of us on a hot, humid summer day, when the pressures of daily living mount up. By midafternoon we feel so headachy and edgy that the simplest chore, the smallest disturbance becomes an irritation. We're in no mood to enjoy life or the company of others.

Here's how to turn that mood around: just take two Bayer Aspirin for your headache, sit down for a few minutes and relax. These few minutes can make a world of difference in the way you feel and act. You'll enjoy being with people, and they'll enjoy being with you.

Whenever you get tense, headachy and out of sorts on a hot summer afternoon, set aside a few minutes for Bayer Aspirin and a brief rest. You'll find these can be the most important minutes of your day.



His latest scheme: mining the moon

GERNSBACK

CONTINUED

mission as intently as a prospector seeking the mother lode.

Food and wine are his only non-scientific interests, and the only hours of real relaxation he allows himself are spent at the most posh Manhattan restaurants. He arrives at his spacious, old-fashioned office in New York's Greenwich Village, dressed to the nines, by 8:30 every morning, and he sits up late in his handsome apartment overlooking the Hudson River reading piles of scientific publications. He goes over them with a beady eye, alert for the stuff of new predictions. Error—even if he chances to detect it in so lowly a medium as a comic strip—fills him with indignation. On finding a comic-page character floating in the infinite without a space suit recently, he cried, "Wrong! His internal pressure would exceed the external pressure. His eyes would pop out! His belly would swell out! He would blow up!"

He has abandoned all involvement with science fiction, now so overshadowed by fantastic reality, and publishes, with his book list, but two magazines: *Radio Electronics*, the "bible" of television repair men, and the curious little monthly, *Sexology*. Gernsback supports *Sexology* fiercely; with physics and the delights of space travel now being pawed over by armies of newcomers, he feels that sex offers a last, unexplored, scientific frontier.

Gernsback is fully prepared, even anxious, to answer the slaverling critic who accuses him of prurience. Sex, he feels, is a "cultural subject" and as such should not be "relegated to back rooms" but discussed openly—even its more peripheral phases. He finds the "non-scientific attitude" about it "appalling, abysmal stupidity. . . . Let me tell you something very few people realize," he says. "Even physicians are not taught anything about sex in college! A horrifying situation!"

Sex has not distracted him in the slightest, however, from his lifelong interest in electronic gadgetry and in the new horizons being opened by the advance of more orthodox scientific knowledge. Neither has it inhibited his bent for invention on those occasions when he feels that duty and circumstance demand it—although he now invents only in broad outline, leaving the actual mechanics of the thing to others. His television eyeglasses—a device for which he feels millions yearn—constitute a case in point.

When the idea for this handy, pocket-size portable TV set oc-

curred to him in 1936, he was forced to dismiss it as impractical. But a few weeks ago, feeling that the electronics industry was catching up with his New Deal-era concepts, he ordered some of his employees to build a mock-up.

"It is now perfectly possible to make thin, inch-square cathode tubes," he says, "and to run them with low-voltage current from very small batteries with no danger at all of electrocuting the wearer. Sound can be carried to the ear just as in a hearing aid. Television eyeglasses should weigh only about five ounces. Since there will be a picture for each eye, the glasses will make a stereoptical view possible and since they will be masked—like goggles—they can be used in bright sunlight. The user can take them out of his pocket anywhere, slip them on, flip a switch and turn to his favorite station." A V-type aerial protrudes from the top of Gernsback's mock-up of the TV glasses. He likes the effect—which can only be described as neo-Martian.

Amidst these preoccupations Gernsback also plans, writes, edits and makes up a gaudily illustrated pocket-size booklet called *Forecast*, which he mails out annually at Christmas to 9,000 people—a great proportion of them newspaper and periodical editors and writers, scientists and executives in electronics industries—who may not neces-

sarily have availed themselves of the opportunity to follow his thinking during the year. A certain amount of publicity accrues to him because of *Forecast*, which is now in its 29th year, but more importantly it allows him to keep the minds of influential men and women properly adjusted to the Gernsback view—something no human alive is capable of achieving without assistance from Gernsback.

Each issue of this little annual contains references to his past and his more spectacular predictions—into which certain overtones of self-congratulation sometimes creep—so that even the newest reader is not left in doubt as to its publisher's identity and place in the scheme of things. *Forecast's* major function, however, is the dissemination of Gernsback's latest predictions, and his latest and most vehement opinions on the state of science and of civilization.

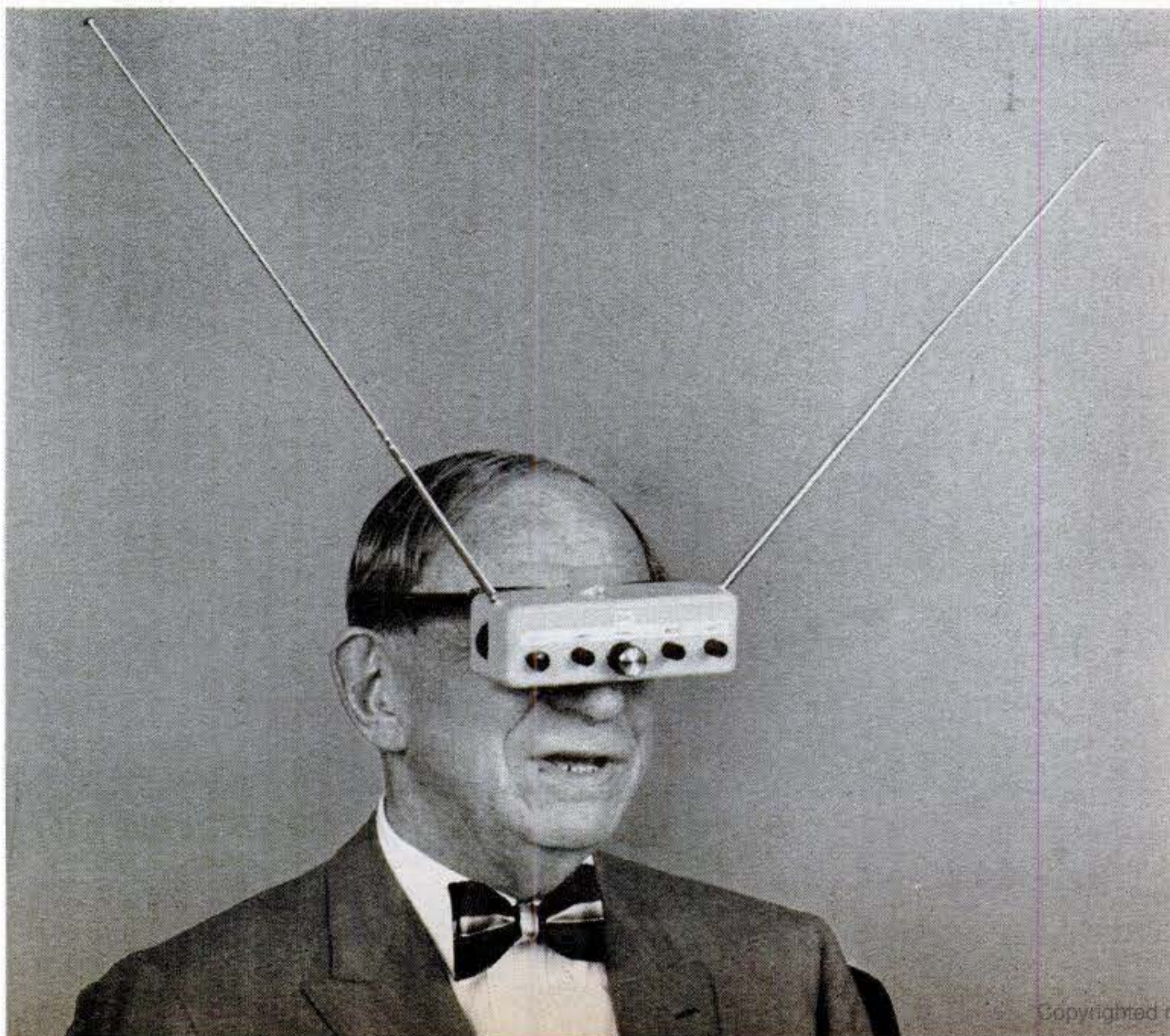
He feels certain, for instance, that the "doctor shortage" is nonsense—or could be quickly solved, at any rate, if only patients were equipped with "medi-wrist radio transmitters," which would send temperature, pulse rate, respiration and other clues as to their condition to a central monitoring station.

Neither the size, cost nor the impressive achievements of the U.S. space program prevent his giving NASA occasional advice. It is his opinion that the U.S. should immediately cease this "senseless" orbiting of the earth with manned space capsules—since the Rus-

sians, in effect, have already done it for us—and get on to the moon with all dispatch. In a recent issue he worked out plans for the transport of metals from the moon after it is explored and after mining camps have been set up there to exploit its "fantastic mineral riches." Two-way traffic will, in his view, be unnecessary. Moon colonists, if they are wise, will simply construct 50-foot, spherical, unmanned, one-way space ships of valuable beryllium, load them with 300 tons of gold and lob them into one of earth's oceans. Since each beryllium ship would float, it could easily be retrieved and, after removal of the gold, be melted down for use on earth. Total profit per ship-trip: \$606 million.

Gernsback does not arrive at the sum of the year's augury for *Forecast* without steady, month-by-month cerebration. He is not, in fact, above wishing that the electronic-brain-with-memory-cells which he recently forecast were already in being to give him occasional assistance. His expression, in its absence, is habitually grim. "Mr. Gernsback," says a merchant on Manhattan's West 14th Street who has watched the prophet heading for his office every morning for years, "always looks as though he is carrying the world on his shoulders." The statement needs only minor editing. For complete accuracy delete "always looks as though" and replace "world" with "our planetary system."

Gernsback shows off a pair of "teleglasses," an idea he first dreamed up in 1936, for which he feels the world is now ready.



**Save 16¢ on two frozen Chun King favorites.
See your friendly neighborhood grocer.**



You don't need to use an abacus to figure out that these two coupons mean more money in your purse. And you don't need but one taste to figure out that Chun King's egg rolls and chicken chow mein are the greatest. Try 'em both, and save.



This is
Chicken
Chow Mein
in Chinese.

鷄炒麵

Right now, your grocer is featuring chicken chow mein, as only Chun King can make it. Clip out the coupon below, hop into your rickshaw and drive on down to your favorite super-market. You'll save 8¢ on the most delicious chicken chow mein this side of the Yangtze. So, clip-clip—chop-chop!



Our egg rolls are crispy-crunchy outside; succulent inside.



Now's the time to stock up during our frozen egg roll sale. Save them for the next time you have a party; then serve 'em hot as hors d'oeuvres. Or even try them as a midnight snack. But buy now and save. After all, 29 yen is 29 yen.

Who says you can't teach an old favorite new tricks! Try serving Chun King chow mein in hamburger buns as a hot lunch for the kids. Or over crisp waffles for a great Sunday night supper. Any way you serve it, it's the 鷄炒麵 鷄炒麵 鷄炒麵



Don't worry if you can't use chop sticks. Chun King food tastes just as good with a knife and fork.

Keep a great Chinese chef in your freezer. The finest, freshest Chinese food is frozen by Chun King.



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For your special reading enjoyment, LIFE will devote its year-end double issue to the shrewd, sensitive, shocking, wonderful world of movie stars and moviemakers. From Via Veneto to Sunset Boulevard, LIFE photographers and reporters are assembling what promises to be a magazine readers will keep and treasure.

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MODERN LIVING



Bubble-shaped dome protects pool at International Inn in Washington, D.C.

With a new splash comes service for a sultan

Gaudy Grand Motels

A gaudy new panorama stretches from coast to coast, the outlandish world of American motels. It is a world that has to be seen—as it is here—to be believed. Today's motels mix up domes and spires, sparkling fountains and bare-thighed waitresses until the goggle-eyed guest doesn't know whether he is in the Taj Mahal or the Folies-Bergère. But the business is as solid as it is dazzling. There are six times as many motel rooms as there were 20 years ago—hotel rooms have increased hardly

at all. A motel these days can be multistoried, located downtown and cost as much as \$100 a day—sometimes it is hard for the traveler to know if he is in a motel, hotel, boatel or motor inn. No matter what it calls itself, a hostelry qualifies as a motel as long as the parking is free and there is a car space for every room. This can take ingenuity: an establishment under construction in San Francisco will permit all guests to park outside their rooms, even though they are on the seventh floor.

Photographed for LIFE by YALE JOEL

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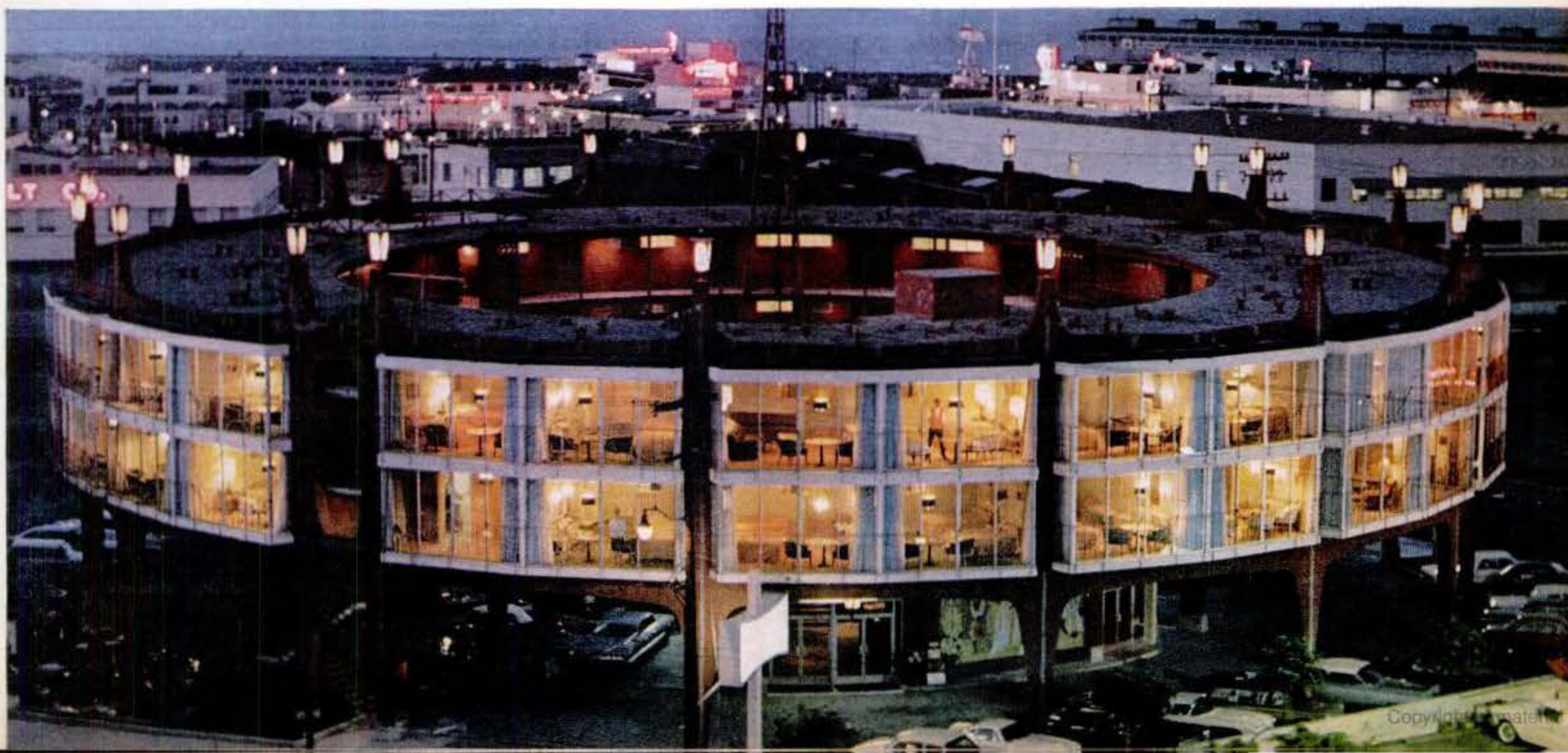
In the domed cocktail lounge on top of 15-story Capp Towers, motel guests can enjoy a view of Minneapolis skyline. A revolving stage in the center of the circular bar, here ornamented with a statue, can be raised or lowered. This downtown inn has accommodations for 800, an underground garage, three dining rooms, four bars, a rooftop pool enclosed in glass, exercise rooms and a sauna.





The driveway of the Cabana Motor Hotel boasts 240 feet of fountains, copies of Winged Victory and Michelangelo's David, and \$20,000 worth of cypresses imported from Italy. This \$5-million Palo Alto, Calif. resort has a Roman air—the ballroom is called the Circus Maximus, and lobby has so much statuary that local schoolchildren come on art tours. Each of its 200 rooms has wall to wall mirrors, separate dressing rooms and bathroom counters embedded with seashells.

The glass-walled circular Villa Roma on Fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco claims to be—so it says—patterned after the Colosseum. It provides its guests with marble-walled baths, complete sets of glassware for four, a free sauna and has free coffee service at all times.



Service You Never Knew You Needed

A swimming pool and a TV set in every room are as essential to a motel as a place to park the car. In fact one Las Vegas motel has an individual pool for each of its eight suites. Bowling alleys, saunas, playgrounds, baby-sitting services, bathroom telephones are commonplace. Many of these luxuries are free—a drink on arrival, coffee on awakening are routine. At the Pine Bluff motel in Arkansas free pictures of your stay are provided. In Syracuse, N.Y. the camera is free but you have to take the pictures yourself. In St. Louis the Bel Air motel gives away a trip to the zoo and ice cream and cake. In Florida the free dog kennels are air-conditioned. If guests arrive in a Chicago motel in bad humor the management will provide crockery for them to throw at targets in a "frustration room." In Brattleboro, Vermont motel visitors can watch the movie at the drive-in next door through picture windows with the sound piped in. Anxious parents in Columbus, Ohio can check on their children in the motel swimming pool through closed circuit TV in their rooms. The Catamaran motel in San Diego, Calif. has a wedding chapel on the premises, suggests the bride dress in one suite and honeymoon in another. A motel specializing in newlyweds in Billings, Mont. automatically dispenses rice and plays the wedding march as the bridal suite door opens. In Cadillac, Mich. energetic vacationers can get free lessons in golf, tennis, sailing and bowling.

The decor at many motels is as unexpected as the services they offer. In New Orleans the Prince Conti features the Taj Mahal Room with a domed skylight, but there are also rooms with Oriental and ante-bellum motifs on the premises. In San Diego, OceanHouse motel is built like a 16th Century sailing ship with shipwreck debris strewn on the grounds. A St. Louis motel has a bar that resembles an 1890 railroad car. At the bar in a Kansas City motel guests can listen in to the control tower at the airport next door. An Atlanta motel boasts about its "fully equipped fallout shelter." But even if that should fail, guests at Holiday Inns are taken care of—they are insured for \$5,000 from the moment they check into the motel until 12 hours after they leave.



Nightclub at the Cabana motel in Palo Alto (*preceding page*), called Nero's Nook, dresses its waitresses in thigh-high Roman togas. The walls are ringed with gods and goddesses and the specialty is a drink called Caesar's Seizure (a rum and fruit mixture).

Around many mosquelike buildings of Vacation Village in San Diego, Calif. (*left*) are lookout tower, amphitheater and a marina. A waterborne bar serves rooms along lagoons, while on dry land waiters fill room-service orders by bicycle (*below*).





LIFE GOES CALLING ON
They Glory in a Rustic,

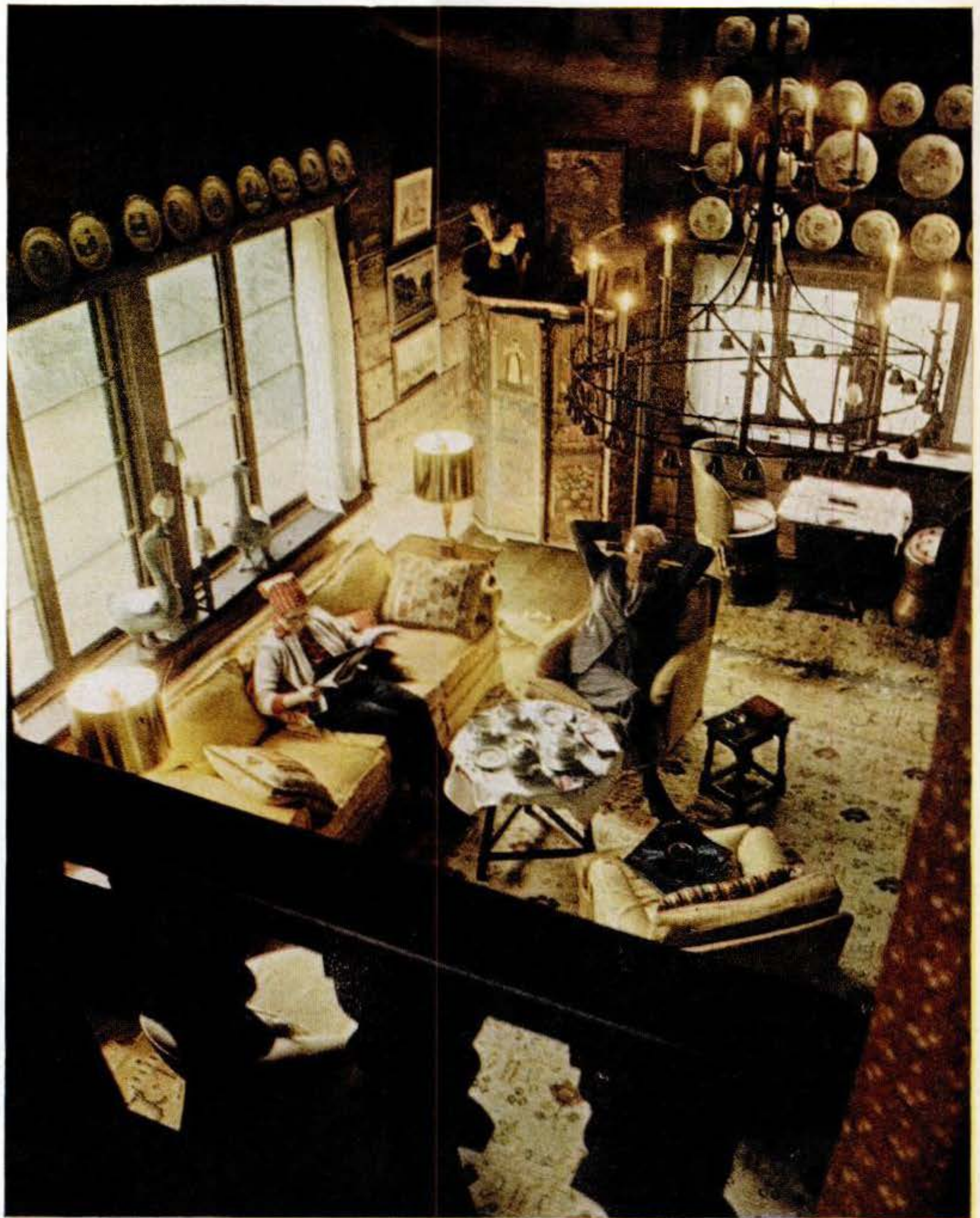
In a studio cottage on their 110-acre retreat, the Lunts loll under Swedish chandelier designed by Lunt himself.

"Years ago, we'd have dinner at the house, then have champagne and whisky brought down here and stay until 3 or 4 in the morning. Now we come down here to rest and relax and have tea and listen to music."



Alfred brushes out the stable of their 30-year-old horse, Franklin. Lunt begins farm chores at 6 o'clock every morning.

"There is always the driveway to sweep, the henhouse to clean and the garden to weed—I don't know why I like to do that, I have to weed on my hands and knees. We raise a lot of things: melons, squash, beets, fennel, salsify, two kinds of cucumbers—picklers and eaters. I get great pleasure from the pattern and the color of the rows. They look sort of like green Knights Templar walking along—that sounds sort of ookie-pookie, but it's true. See that little chipmunk—he's casing the joint. They go down the rows just as the peas are ready, and shell them and leave the pods. I sat on that wall last summer and shot seven of them. Don't tell Miss Fontanne—she feeds them."



Swathed in bandannas against the hot sun, the Lunts meet at the stable door and count their Wisconsin blessings.

"It's too simple for most people. They would be bored stiff. We are not. We can get anything—watercress, a butler who is a farm boy—he has such style—and a wonderful laundress. I go 10 miles into Waukesha for the best hairdo in America."

High-Style Hideaway

"I haven't been out of the kitchen all morning," says Alfred Lunt. "Making currant jelly, 15 big glasses of it."

"I want to get two or three nice little things made for our trip to Mexico," says Lynn Fontanne, threading a needle.

This kind of homey talk has been going on all this summer in the Lunts' handsome hideaway at Genesee Depot, Wis., where LIFE paid a visit to the world's most celebrated stage couple. For 40 years the Lunts have been going to Alfred's boyhood town, there enjoying both worldly luxuries and humble chores.

Lunt is an avid wood chopper and stone-wall builder. "We have so many small round boulders," says Lunt, "that the ridiculous walls look like cupids' bottoms. You know what's pleasant? We bring a stove out here, and we have lunch. Steak, scalloped potatoes, then I pick tomatoes and put them on the grill, and we have red wine. We never get tired of it, and then I go right on working in the garden."

"The world thinks artists are forgetful, untidy, unpunctual," puts in Lynn. "Well, they are not. You notice how neat the place is? That's Alfred."

Lynn goes on about Alfred's frugality. "When I first married him, he used to buy only one pair of socks at a time. I thought he was the most eccentric man I ever met. One day he went out to buy socks and I said, 'You come back with a dozen pairs or I will leave you.'"

"This summer I did come back with a dozen," declares Alfred proudly, "from the store in Genesee—six pairs for a dollar."

When they are alone the Lunts' favorite sport is playing word games. They argue excitedly over Scrabble. "Exjerk means exactly what it says," shouts Lynn, "a man who was formerly a jerk."

Much as they love Genesee, they have no thought of retiring. "It's a terrible bore though when Alfred goes off and directs a play," says Lynn. "I'm so used to standing beside him and having my say too."

Lunt receives a cordial greeting from Franklin, their horse who died a few days after this photograph was taken.

"Franklin was never the same after we got rid of the cows. He used to run them all around. When he died, he didn't suffer. He just lay down under a tree one Sunday morning and went to sleep."

CONTINUED





Lynn has sewed ever since she was a child. She usually works with pins in her mouth but Lunt objects when she sometimes drops her pins in the bed.

"My mother taught me to sew. It was most useful when I became an actress. I had no money. I bought cheap material but was always well dressed."

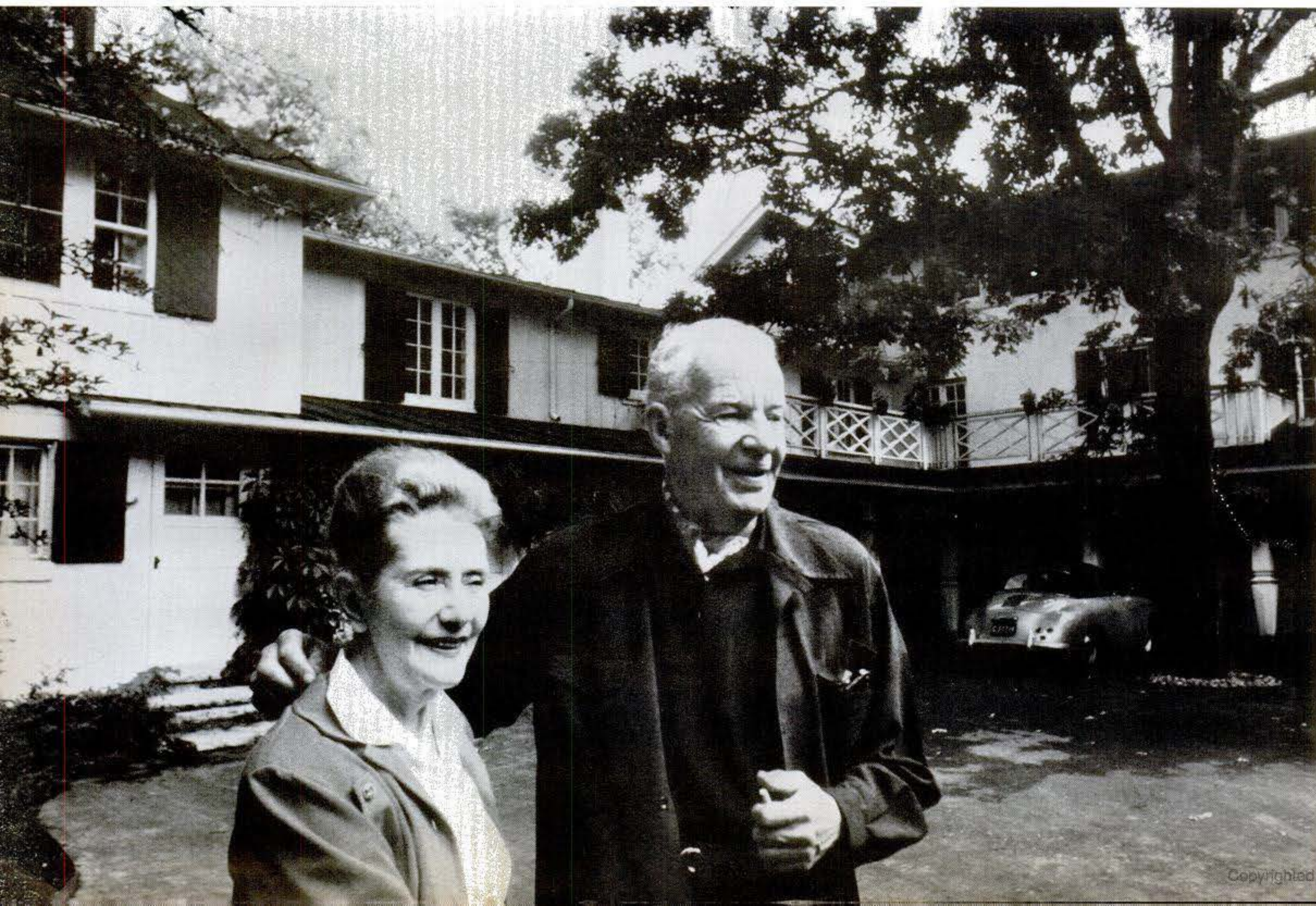


Lunt insists that the grounds be kept like a park. He is always sweeping the driveway, replenishing the woodpile.

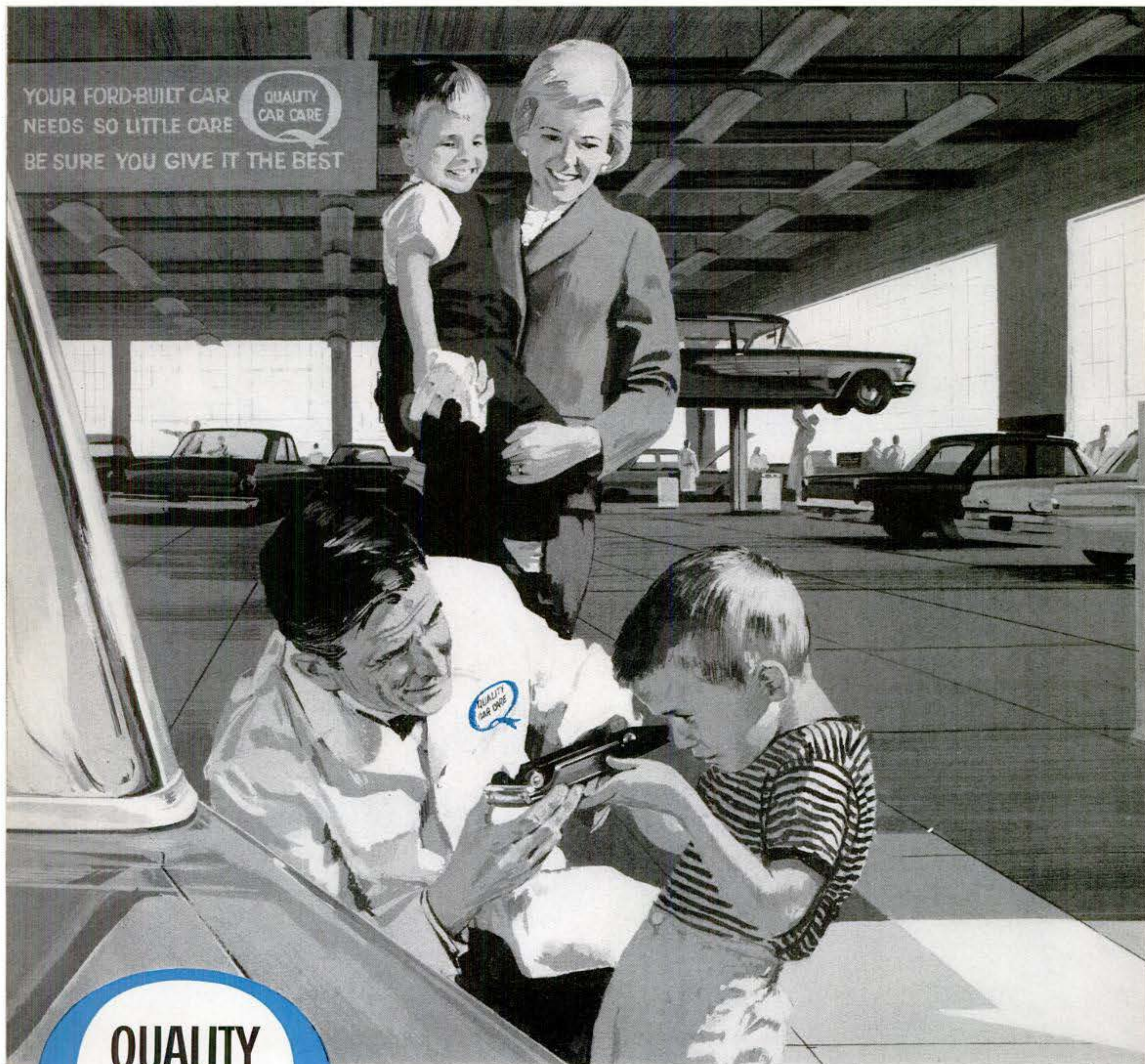
"I love to cut wood. We have three kinds: library wood, long wood for the other fireplaces and stove wood."

The Lunts watch for their guests to arrive at the entrance of their main house, where Alfred lived in his teens.

"I designed the house when I was 15 for my widowed mother. It's all remodeled—even the levels have levels."



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IT'S GRATE—BUT IS IT ART?

Try as they will, some people just can't see anything in abstract art. The shapes may be interesting and the colors are usually nice and bright, but when it comes to content—that's where some folks get lost and are apt to suspect the artist did, too. Photographer Herbert Słodounik, who likes abstracts well enough, went to the San

Francisco Museum of Art to look at some. There he spotted a couple of little girls who were obviously dubious about it all. Then they discovered an engrossing little composition so poorly hung that they had overlooked it before—the air vent—proving that if they don't know much about modern art, they at least know what they like.



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